

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 31 – Number 4

August 2013

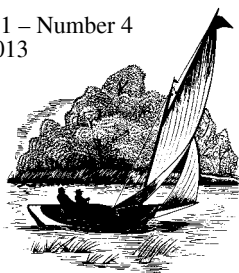
Special Features This Issue
Canoe Cruise – Grand Lake Stream Canoe Trip
Shoal Circumnavigations on the Chesapeake
Our Fleet of Floating Fortunes
Building a Robb White Improved Sport Boat



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

In my review of the book *In Shoal Waters* in the July issue I incorporated the author's introduction and a short chapter to best present the attraction (to me anyway) of the book. The significance of the "shoal" in the title was that the tidal range encountered on the east coast of Great Britain (where the author, A.C. Stock, lived and sailed) was far larger in scale than what we experience around here in New England (let alone Florida with its wimpy little one footers). I remarked on this in some email correspondence with Keith Muscott, Editor of the British journal *Dinghy Cruising* (from which we regularly excerpt articles of interest). Keith's sailing is done in the west of Britain on the coast of Wales where the tidal range is even greater than on Stock's east coast. Here-with an email exchange I had with Keith on this subject:

"Bob: I've read *In Shoal Waters* and was much taken by it, despite its focus on a coast with its many, many named locations obviously unfamiliar to me. It drove home to me how different that coast is with its huge tides (double our 9-11 footers) and extensive sand/mud flats, from our rocky coast here with but scattered sandy beaches closed to small boats launching from or coming ashore on them.

Keith: *In Shoal Waters* deals with an area which is completely unknown to me, too, though of course it has been much written about and is no big deal. Here around Anglesey there are often 27' tides in some places that run at 5 knots plus (up to a max of 8/9). We are not really that far from the Bristol Channel south down the coast of Wales, which is beaten worldwide only by the Bay of Fundy in tidal range.

Bob: I have been on the shore on the Bay of Fundy at a friend's place in the 1970s and saw how far away the water went. Mudflats to the horizon. He was not a boater so we did not sally forth. It appears to be more like the east coast shorelines described in *In Shoal Waters* rather than on your west coast.

Keith: Yes, my sailing ground is a lot more threatening (and rewarding?) than the east coast. We are currently rising to springs this weekend, which will be 6.0 metres high water and 1.3 metres low water. This is very local to me at a nearby fishing village. Getting on the "tidal escalator" is the upside, as opposed to the downside of always having to do our arithmetic to keep out of trouble: but starting the day by travelling down coast on the ebb and returning in style on the flood is another great free service offered by mother nature in addition to the wind!

Bob: I like that "tidal escalator," an experience not available here. With sailing/rowing/paddling speeds of the same order as some of those tidal currents they assume major significance in planning your outings.

Keith: Absolutely right, a 20-mile trip down the coast and back is a feasible day's outing if the tides are convenient with the low and high waters at the right times, and almost doubling our speed over the ground!"

Tidal Escalator. Interesting concept. Sailing "down" on the ebb and "up" on the "flood" along his rockbound coastline with its many inlets and channels amongst islands that channel the flow even more does indeed add "another free service offered by mother nature."

His mention of the Bristol Channel tidal range being beaten worldwide only by the Bay of Fundy tides leads me to this issue's St Mary's Bay (which opens on the Bay of Fundy on Nova Scotia's west coast) installment from Ernie Cassidy. He speaks of getting ready to move his daysailer to an area marina from which he can sail at any stage of the tide and adds:

"I've already written a bit about the conditions we can encounter out on the Bay. The receding tide can run at up to 7 knots, if we get far enough out from the shore, fog can catch us up faster than we can usually get home under sail, and the wind speed can increase alarmingly, and suddenly, on any given day, often on the turn of the tide, or drop away to nothing almost as quickly."

He has pointed out to me that being "out there" on the ebb, unable to get back, means hours of waiting for the flood to bring back enough water to return to port. The marina he is at has a dredged channel out to deep enough water at low tide to float a boat, unlike other shoreline locations nearer to his home, which makes for an interesting scene as he states:

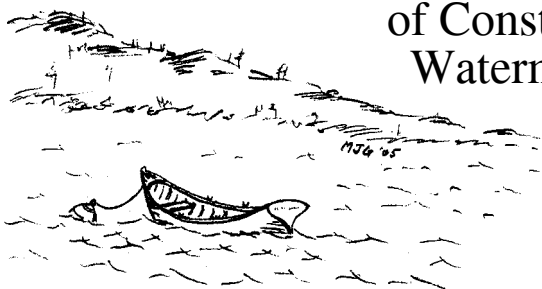
"That much lamented (by the recreational boaters) Fundy tidal range makes the whole marina thing such a blessing: our boating enjoyment is not held hostage to the tide, as it is in most of the other harbors on the Bay. At low tide, the main floating dock is about three stories below the parking lot. The ramp from the parking lot to the floating dock ends up at about the angle of repose of loose gravel at low tide."

Those who have enjoyed boat ramp antics seen hereabouts might ponder what sort of antics might take place in that location!

On the Cover...

Serial amateur boatbuilders Rex and Kathy Payne have done it again, this time a Robb White Improved Sport Boat, seen on the cover on its Florida sea trials. Kathy kept a daily log of the whole construction process, which is featured in this issue. With this accomplished they now intend to build a Caledonia Yawl, and to make room for it a recently completed No Mans Land boat is on the market. To get first dibs on this boat contact Rex at rkpayne96@yahoo.com.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

It was just below freezing at daybreak this last day of March, but it swiftly rose to fifty. By noontime, when I met my crew at the pier, it was as balmy as we should expect this time of year.

I parked my truck by the pierhead, nearly beneath a sailboat which was having her bottom painted. A woman brandishing a roller was directing two young fellows she'd enlisted to help her. I asked her if my truck would be in her way. She didn't think so, but... I told her I would leave the keys in it. We began to discuss bottom paint and I proffered the advice to add plenty of extra paint where it would soonest wear away: the waterline and lead edges of the bow, keel and skeg. She thanked me for the advice and went straight to work. She could hear the enticement of the breeze upon the water; there wasn't a moment to lose.

I squared away *MoonWind*; ran her motor, bent on a jib, uncovered my main, stowed my dropboards. We cast off and backed out of the slip. The wind, predicted to be from the northwest, was just a point east of south. The tide was on the ebb. Having to return by four o'clock, we headed west, against the tide; we would have it to bring us home.

Aside from the ferries to Orient Point, we saw but a handful of boats all afternoon. The first was another sailboat, which cleared West Cove a minute after we had. Another was a speedboat which overtook us later in the day. The oceanographic research vessel from Avery Point steamed forth from the University of Connecticut and made her way easterly.

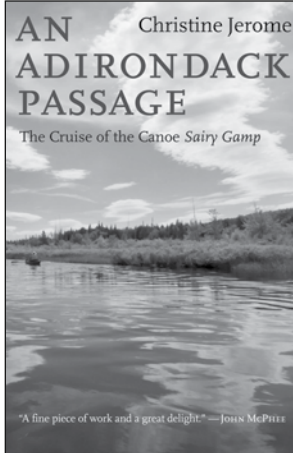
The sea was calm, the breeze about ten knots, the sun shone down with regard for our comfort. These prove delightful days, as long as we wear sufficient clothing. Watch caps and gloves are a must. We had but three or four hours with which to amuse ourselves. The wind veered a couple of points but kept us on a close reach going and coming. We couldn't find a thing to complain about and, consequently, had a miserable time. However, we knew it would end too soon, and that made up for all the perfection we forced ourselves to endure.

Back in the shelter of West Cove at half past three, we found but half a breeze. We dropped the main and wrinkled up the channel with only our Genny. I tilted the outboard into the drink and pushed the little black button. Touche! The motor responded by growling and spitting, but soon began to purr. I left it in neutral as we wafted toward our slip. I gave the helm to my crew and went forward. We made the first turn at two knots; I took the Genny across, but should have doused it.

I let the sheets go about thirty yards too late. We lumbered into the slip a bit too quickly. My crew at the helm realized he didn't know how to shift my outboard motor into reverse. I snagged a cleat on the pier with the boathook and found myself half off the boat, hanging on to the boom vang by my toes.

Eventually, I discovered myself on the pier. After I took a round turn on my ankle with the spring line, for security, I grabbed at a lifeline stanchion and was dragged the last five yards. We bumped the walkway pier ahead and removed a flake of green paint from *MoonWind's* prow.

Now we had something tangible to bitch about and felt the better for it. Were everything to go perfectly, what should I write about?



"A fine piece of work
and a great delight."
—John McPhee

"An enchanting record
of a canoe trip."
—The New Yorker

Christine Jerome follows the route taken in 1883 by journalist and outdoorsman "Nessmuk" (George Washington Sears) in his 9-foot, 10½-lb canoe, the *Sairy Gamp*, 266 miles through the central

Adirondacks. A rich, eloquent narrative that weaves Nessmuk's story with Jerome's and intersperses Adirondack cultural and natural history.

- An Adirondack Passage is 320 pages, paperback, \$14.00
- MoonWind at Large, by Matthew Goldman, \$14.95
- The Journals of Constant Waterman, \$14.00
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- Small Boats on Green Waters, by Brian Anderson, \$15.00
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"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat"
—Bob

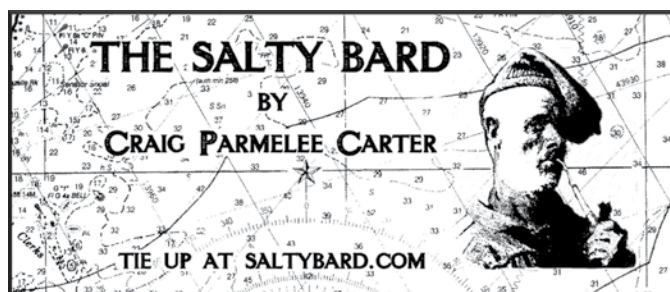
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The Progression

Back when I was five or six I had a wooden prow.
I rowed it all around the bay and made it back somehow.

Dad brought home a Sunfish, was in 1963.
He'd heel it so far over that we'd slide into the sea.

The Whaler had a forty-horse and man that boat would clock.
I raced it all around the bay, discovered every rock!

Then there came a bigger boat, a sloop designed by Tripp.
Compared to what we'd had till then, that sloop was like a ship.

For dad it was a lot of work, perhaps more work than fun.
The spar was made of solid spruce, it weighed a frigging ton.

I should've paid some mind to this, I might of learned a lesson.
But I've always learned the hard way - I began my own progression.

The Potter was a lot of fun, the little trailer-sailor.
And just like that I said good-bye to my childhood Boston Whaler.

We gunkholed in the shallow coves, stayed put when it was snotty.
Confined below in a tiny space with an open porta-potty.

The Dana with her cutter rig, really couldn't be beat.
Headroom and a head to boot, in only twenty-four feet.

But soon it wasn't big enough, was time to jump again.
Who doesn't want more LOA? At least another ten!

Our Cape George is a work of art, it can hardly be believed.
I don't think a nicer boat could ever be conceived.
We've sailed her up and down the coast, she's carried us afar.
One day soon we'll cut the lines and chase that wanderin' star.

Meanwhile it's a lot of work, and let me be quite frank,
Every year it's costing more and soon could break the bank.

I lack a certain pedigree that exemplifies the yachter,
I've the taste of Harold Vanderbilt and the budget for a Potter.

One thing I've learned in all these years, I'll give you my confession:
To keep a boat, it seems, is an irrational obsession!

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Activities & Events...

Presque Isle Bay Messabout

The Bayfront Maritime Center's Presque Isle Bay Messabout is August 9-10 in Erie, Pennsylvania. For details go to: <http://bay-frontcenter.org/presque-isle-bay-messabout/>

Adventures & Experiences...

No Money to Wall Street



A Rockland (Maine) man's dory trip. Joe Auciello has been traveling on the cheap most of his life and wants to demonstrate the joy of such journeys. While raising their family, he and wife, Shlomit Auciello, ran a business based on his sculpture and stone masonry that depended on Joe to take long road trips to sell and install his work. On those trips he camped in his van, stayed with friends and slept in hostels. On his next voyage Auciello will spend most of his time in an open boat.

"I'm going toward New York City," he said June 23. "It might take me a month, maybe less, maybe more. I don't know. I intend to take my time and enjoy the journey."

"I'm row sailing my dory," he said. "It's a 19' gunning dory named *Giuseppe*. It's pretty much an open boat. I did close in bulkheads on either end for flotation." Auciello will set the boat up so he can sleep aboard and plans to stay in sight of land.

"The theme of this voyage is 'No money to Wall Street'," he said. "When I was single, I used to be a long distance hitchhiker. It seemed like I always ran out of money when I got across the country. I found a certain freedom in having no money."

Auciello said his philosophy was in tune with those in the Occupy movements. "If I make it to New York, that's good. If I make it to Portland, that's good, too. My idea is to show that you can have a great adventure, a great time, without spending money at all." He traded labor on a recent job for a month's

supply of freeze dried rations and will also carry dried fruit, nuts and grains. "I plan to fish and forage for fresh food," he said.

A Bio Lite campstove, a gift from Auciello's son, will heat his meals and help keep his cell phone and camera charged. "I'm really more focused on finding out who I am now that I've turned 60 and my children have graduated college. It's time for me to spend time by myself. I'd like to be leaving on Sunday, July 7," he said. Auciello said he had a job to wrap up and a friend's wedding to attend and would spend the weekend after Independence Day with his family. He plans to depart early in the morning from the Rockland Public Landing, but said plans are subject to change. "It's all about the journey, not the destination," he said.

Those who would like to follow Auciello on his journey can read his reports and one another's comments and see photographs and video recordings at adventureswithjoea.blogspot.com. Joe can be reached by phone at 207-691-4326.

Departures...

Ed Hawkes

Edward F. Hawkes of Falmouth and Marblehead, Massachusetts, died peacefully at his home on March 27, 2013, at the age of 92. Ed was born in Marblehead and spent his youth on and near the water. He was a familiar figure around Barnegat and loved his lobster boat, the *Lizzie H*. He was well known and respected by all in Marblehead's First Harbor.

In 1941, after war broke out in Europe, Ed traveled north to Canada to join the Royal Canadian Air Force because he was determined to fly. One of many Americans to join the RCAF, Ed served in the 404 Squadron as pilot throughout the war, stationed in England and Scotland.

After the war, Ed returned to Marblehead where he made his living in and around boats, eventually establishing his own business, Bates & Hawkes, Marine Surveyors. He married, became a father to his first wife's children and raised a son of his own, but always stayed close to the sea. In 1979 he married Jean Marsh Eldridge and became a central figure in the lives of an ever expanding family for the remaining years of his life.

Later in his life he took up the carving of decoys under the guidance of his close friend, Gerald Smith. His decoys were beautifully carved and meticulously painted, true works of art that were made to be used. Even though his health had been failing lately, Ed lived 92 years full of life and always on his own terms.

Opinions...

Lawsuits May Bring Changes

I agree with your view on risk takers and thrill seekers and their cost to the general public. They not only puts others at risk trying to bail them out of a bad situation that they likely should not be engaged in, but

may also tie up personnel and resources that might not be available for accidents or incidents that come along every day. It would be a really bad situation if there was a car or boating accident and help was not available because help had to search to save some dumb ass thrill seeker. They definitely should have to pay for all costs incurred, but likely those types don't have much of value anyway. Eventually the lawsuits will come, then change, maybe.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Projects...

The Peapod is Finished



The peapod is finished. It has been for a while but finding a day with wind, or a day that is not too windy for a little boat, or a day that isn't raining has been the holdup for its launching. The tanbark sail is from Stuart Hopkins at Dabbler Sails. It's beautiful. Now just waiting for the weather to cooperate. Still have to give it a name, too. Still trying to figure out the pedigree of this boat. Mysterious bare hull.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

This Magazine...

Happy Days Come Monthly

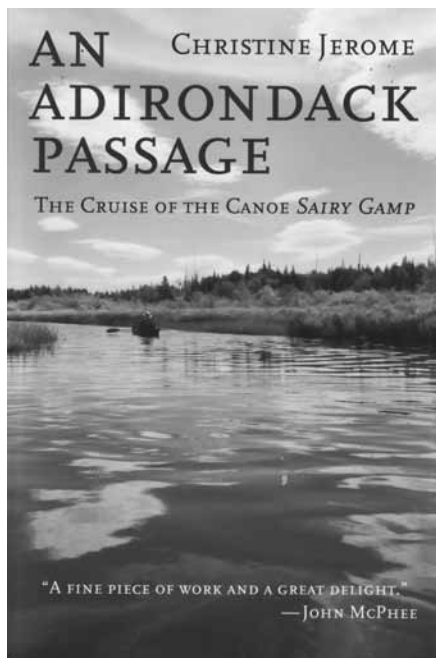
Thank you for continuing to bring us *MAIB*. My wife calls it "happy days" when the monthly issue arrives and indeed it always brings a big smile to my face. Thank you and all your contributors again for bringing us all these happy days that are generated by *MAIB*.

When reading Dan Rogers' articles in recent issues some of his always enlivening commentary reminded me that I have a story that needs to be told before I get too old and decrepit. I will write it up and forward same so you may see if it would be suitable for *MAIB*.

If it is at all possible I would not mind seeing some more articles about small sailboats.

Boob Groot, Kinmount, ON

Editor Comments: Articles on small sailboats are always welcome.



An Adirondack Passage *The Cruise of the Sairy Gamp*

By Christine Jerome
Third Edition
ISBN: 978-1-62124-000-6
Breakaway Books - \$14
www.breakawaybooks.com

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

In the 1980s the author, who lived in Massachusetts' Berkshire Hills, fell in love with the Adirondack Park in nearby New York. Her infatuation led her ultimately to undertake a modern day retracing of the famed George Washington Sears' ("Nessmuk") epic 266 mile trip along the region's many connected streams and lakes in *Sairy Gamp*, an ultralite 9lb canoe built for him by the famed J. Henry Rushton. She even went so far as to have a replica built for her in Kevlar by an Adirondack canoe builder.

Despite having virtually no paddling experience she launched upon her adventure in 1990, accompanied by her husband. She achieved her goal and subsequently wrote this book, which was initially published in 1994 by Harper Collins, with a second edition in 1998 published by the Adirondack Mountain Club. Now Breakaway Books brings us her tale for a third time around. Good thing, as it is an absorbing read.

With her whole concept based on Nessmuk's adventure she brings much of his original writing about how it was in 1883 into her narrative. Interestingly she and her husband did quite a bit of camping out on their trip, unlike Sears, who favored the then common summer hotels along the way. Unlike Sears, she and her husband spotted their car at locations along the way, using it at times to get away for a few days, and to facilitate logistics.

The book covers not only their experiences relating to Sears' experiences in the same places but is coupled with overviews comparing then and now, how the park came into being and where it is going today as the largest piece of "wilderness" conservation land in the northeastern USA. She dis-

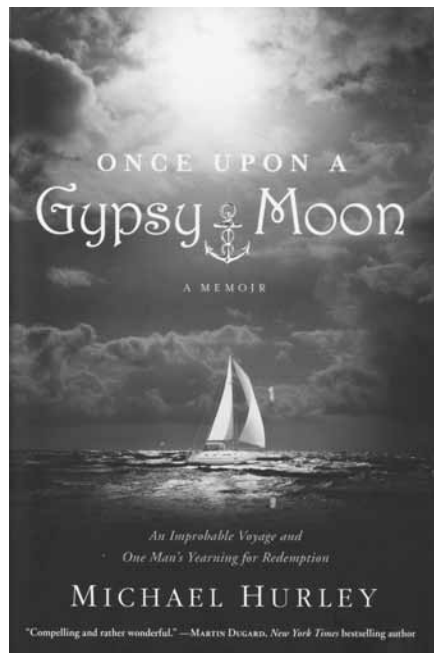


Book Reviews

cusses the conflicts that arose when railroads bought in both well-to-do "summercators" who bought up large tracts of then private land, including implied ownership of the rivers and lakes within, and holiday types wishing to paddle those rivers and lakes freely. It has been only in recent times that the state of New York (which owns the public portions of the park) finally established the legal rights of paddlers to access any navigable waters.

The combination of this book being a tale of personal present day adventuring and a 117 year old adventure tale over the same waters, with a discussion of conservation/preservation issues that have arisen as the public presses ever more heavily on this resource is made an engrossing read due to the author's readable writing style's ability to carry us along with her.

For an inexperienced paddler the author did a remarkable job of covering all those varied paddling conditions in her tiny craft. She acknowledged at one point her craft's shortcomings when she wryly began referring to it as the *Sairy Damp*.



Once Upon a Gypsy Moon

By Michael Hurley
Hachette Book Group, 2013
ISBN 978-1-4555-2933-9 (Hardcover)
ISBN 978-1-4555-2934-6 (Ebook)

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

I sat down to see if I wanted to read this book (an unsolicited review copy from the publisher) in my usual way, if it hasn't grabbed me in 50 pages, that's it. Well, it did grab me, mostly because it is so well written. I've run aground many times starting into books about topics of interest to me, only to find the awful writing soon discouraging my interest, the act of reading it too laborious to be enjoyable. This author's writing kept me going in what amounts to a long speculative "memoir" (I was warned!) set aboard a sailboat off on yet another one of those voyages of self-discovery. Here's the author's summary, an easy way for me to describe its contents:

"The story you are about to read follows the contours of a dream that I share with thousands of others: to sail a small boat over the open ocean, bound for no destination but the horizon. That dream began to unfold in August, 2009 at a particularly dark time in my life. Reeling from personal failure, a bruising divorce, and the loss of a job, I found solace in the biblical commission to "put out into the deep" and left Annapolis to begin a thousand-mile, single-handed passage to Nassau. Sailing an aging but able 32' sloop, the *Gypsy Moon*, I was not hoping to save others. I was the one who was lost. I needed to regain my bearings and find a new sense of purpose for my life.

It gives away nothing of the story to tell you that on my voyage, I failed miserably and succeeded in ways I never could have imagined. In this memoir, I have recorded observations and discoveries from the inward and the outward journey, and I have attempted to chart a course for others who may find themselves looking to begin again from a similar place in their lives. For the sailor, I have written a sea story that I hope will prove to be worth its salt. For the romantic, I have retold a fairy tale about two lovers who found each other, as well as the courage to answer Mark Twain's call to "sail away from the safe harbor" together.

It may be important to understand that most of this book was adapted from six letters that I published for a small group of longtime readers, friends, and family between November, 2010 and November, 2011. The last chapter, which records events that occurred well after the sixth and final letter was written, was not part of the original manuscript for the book. In hindsight, however, I don't think the story would have made sense without it. Thus are we reminded that books really write themselves; the author is just the medium.

Here you will discover many of the joys and some of the sorrows of my life as well as my innermost hopes and dreams. I hope that in this discovery you feel you have found a friend. Perhaps someday we will meet to share other stories of the sea, life, and love. Until then, I wish you fair winds."

Okay. The last chapter he mentions is all about losing *Gypsy Moon* in heavy weather crossing between Haiti and Cuba as he started on his way back home. Despite being some 600 miles from the USA he was rescued by a US Coast Guard cutter, apparently in those waters on drug interdiction duty. The Coasties rescued him but not *Gypsy Moon*, which had succumbed from broaching off a really big wave, the impact hitting the trough breaking the Diesel loose from its mounts. So the author closes out his memoir of a list of failures in his life with yet another, abandon-

ing the vessel that was his escape from the rest of them.

There is a lot more about the author's "navel-gazing" (his words) than about sailing experiences in this 262 page book. I personally have trouble sympathizing with people who make a mess of their life and then exhaustively analyze it looking for the reasons. I'd never have read this book had it not been connected to sailing and were it not for the really good writing. Almost fascinating, in perhaps a perverse way, to see into the mind of a loser.

On a cheerier note, he "succeeded in ways I never could have imagined" when he met, during all his "navel-gazing", a woman "whom I believed I would sorely regret not marrying..." About time.

The Ditty Bag Book *A Guide for Sailors*

By: Frank Rosenow

Illustrated by the Author

Skyhorse Publishing, Inc New York, NY
2011 - \$14.95

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

For a long, long time sailors have used ditty bags to pack and carry sail repair equipment and personal items. This book by Mr. Rosenow provides design and instructions on how to make a neat little ditty bag and lots of good instructions on keeping your sailboat's sails and rigging in good repair. Here is a summary of the sections of the book:

Sailmakers Bench
Knives; sharpening stone
Seaming Implements; needles, palm, twine
Sailmakers Hook
Prickers, spikes & fids
Swaging Tool Serving
Mallet Heaving Tool
Wire Locks
Rings; sewn rings & grommets
Rope; types, gauge
Tape
Canvas
Making a Ditty Bag
Sail Repairs
Palm-and-Needle Whippings
Chafing Gear
Splicing

This little book is a handy guide and would benefit sailors and, to a certain extent, power boaters alike. It provides much information for keeping your boat in top condition.

The Book of Wooden Boats *Volume III*

Photographs by Benjamin Mendlowitz
Text by Maynard Bray
W. W. Norton & Company

Reviewed by John Nystrom

If anyone has the *Calendar of Wooden Boats* hanging on the wall from any time in the past decade, then many of the photos and the text of this superb coffee table book will be familiar. Photographer Ben Mendlowitz and editor Maynard Bray are two of the talented people responsible for the high quality

of *Wooden Boat* magazine, and have collaborated for around thirty years on the *Calendar of Wooden Boats*. Each volume of *The Book of Wooden Boats* is an anthology collected from the corresponding decade of the *Calendars* (the previous two volumes were published in 1992 and 2000).

The book is just beautiful. I'm not much of a fan of coffee table books, but even my non-nautical wife was taken with both the boats and the book itself. This volume collects many, but not all, of the boats covered in the 2001 to 2009 calendars (88 boats between these covers by my count). The entries are categorized into six chapters: Sailboats, Powerboats, Racing Classes, Workboats, Small Boats, and Sailing Yachts. The chapter most likely to catch the interest of a *Messing About In Boats* reader is, naturally, *Small Boats*, followed likely by *Workboats*, but craft of interest will be found throughout.

Each entry is a two page spread, with one to three photos of boat or boats featured, with the text covering the boat's name, LOA and beam, designer and builder, year built (and restored, if it applies), and the location the photos were taken. A short, informative paragraph by Bray completes the chapter, with the first entry in each chapter expanding on the subject at hand. The real focus of the book (pun intended) is Ben Mendlowitz's photography. Many of us can make technically proficient photographs of boats; the artistry, quality and emotional impact of Ben Mendlowitz's photography is what has earned him a reputation as the finest photographer of all things nautical.

Like most books of art photography, this slim volume (only 192 pages) is pricey, at \$60 (US) publisher's suggested, but it is probably not one you will see on the discount table at the local book emporium two or three years down the road (at least not mine, in small town Midwest). It is, without question, though, a thing of beauty.

The Donegal Currach

By Do'nal Mac Polin

Ballyhay Books, Northern Ireland: 2007

Reviewed by John Nystrom

The June 2013 edition of *Messing About In Boats* reprinted a book review from the *Points East* magazine of a book on building skin-on-frame canoes of the double paddle variety. My boat building, so far, is limited to a Puddle Duck Racer (hull #134), but I have long wanted to build a boat using the skin-on-frame construction method. For those not familiar with skin-on-frame it consists of building a light framework of wood, aluminum, or other material, for shape and strength, and covering the framework with fabric, which, if not already waterproof, is then painted to make it waterproof. Before the advent of cheap, strong, machine produced fabric, animal skins were used to skin kayaks, currachs, and coracles.

A search for sources of further information has led to the conclusion that there are a limited number of books on the subject, those books are often difficult to locate or are out of print, and that they seem to be usually about kayaks and kayak building. For those of us interested in skin-on-frame boats, as opposed to kayaks and canoes, the choices are much more limited. As for the history of

skin-on-frame watercraft, the definitive history remains to be researched and written.

The one exception is this volume dedicated to the currachs of Donegal, the northwest corner of the island of Ireland. The currach, or skin boat, was once found everywhere in the northern hemisphere of sufficient latitude to prevent the animal skin hull covering from spoiling and deteriorating too quickly. Caesar's legions are supposed to have crossed the English Channel in skin boats to invade that island. The Celts migrated to Ireland from either Scotland or Gaul (modern France) in skin boats. The skin boat eventually died out elsewhere in Europe, with the exception of Ireland. But even in Ireland, conservative and poor, the currach has been disappearing over the last sixty years, along with much of Irish folk-culture. The last holdout, it seems, is the isolated Donegal coast. Even there, there is only limited survival of the tradition, but it does seem to be surviving in a limited way at this point. *The Donegal Currach* documents that survival.

After introduction, origins, and history are covered in general, the author then documents some five localized variations of the currach. Like any boat building tradition, designs and construction specialized to meet the demands of local conditions. As such, currachs can vary as to length, beam, shape of the bow, height of the stem, and whether thwarts were fixed or removable. They even varied as to whether they were paddled or rowed. The currach was an all round work boat, used by farmers, kelp gatherers, fishermen, families, or even transportation to church.

Photographs cover all variations of the currach, and include a very interesting selection of historic photos. The currach appears in Irish folklore and legends, and folktales and myth featuring the currach appears throughout the book, dividing chapters and sections. Illustrations and drawings of details of the boats are a welcome addition. Construction and design differences in the various types of currach are well described, in addition to the photos and illustrations.

The book concludes with instructions and "Plans for a Dunfanaghy or Sheephaven Currach." This variation of the Donegal currach is considered one of the most seaworthy currachs. The plans are not scale drawings that a boat builder would usually look at; they consist of illustrative drawings, material list, measurements and instructions for building a currach. The "Plans" appear to be adequate for even a low skilled amateur to complete a boat that will work.

The conclusions of the author will sound familiar to those who love traditional boats: "The old builders are almost all gone now. However, young men are again trying their hands at the old technology before it is lost. This revival of interest in building currachs is not for commercial fishing, of course, but for the pleasure of working with natural, traditional materials, reviving lost skills, and rowing and racing these unique craft. A new generation has recognized the unique cultural object the currach is in the small communities of Donegal and how much a part it has played in its history." —p.99

The book can be ordered directly from the publisher in Northern Ireland. The Amazon price seems to be higher. I haven't inquired at any local bookstores yet.
<http://www.cottage-publications.com/cgi-bin/ctg/index.cgi>
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Messing About in Boats, August 2013 – 7

A diverse group of souls, young and old, formed a rowing club in Newburyport, MA around four student-built Banks dories in the late 1980s. Our leader Chris Faris, musician, chef, rower, and avid reader of the classics, teamed up with a biology teacher from Triton Regional School on the Parker River in Byfield. Chris lived on, and rowed out of, Rings Island, a knoll of rock alongside the mighty Merrimack River. Somehow he had heard of Triton's dories. Like all things the details of the beginning have faded. They might be remembered if all the scattered club participants gathered in a reunion and brought yellowing newsletters from old files. No need, the organization like so many has come and gone.

The dories used for history and environmental programs at Triton were sold to the new club headquartered at Rings Island for \$1 each. Where the \$4 for the fleet came from is not recorded at least in this old Closeteer's mind. Money we didn't have was never a big issue with our club of active volunteers. There were \$20 dollar per year dues for those who paid. Money was picked up from members for racing fees and other events. Bert Noyes, father of member Dan, Triton student from Newbury and now a wooden boat builder, kept track of our small accounts.

Chris and helpers discovered other rowing groups from Rockport Maine to Mystic Connecticut. These groups' traditional wooden boats were largely owned by individual members. Races and other event schedules were arranged at winter meetings sometimes in venerable places like Lowell's Boat Shop on the Merrimack in Amesbury where thousands of Banks dories had been built in the 19th and early 20th centuries; a few still are being built there for recreation, no longer for use on fishing schooners.

The other day two old, once active, members of the Rings Island Rowing Club, met and mulled over some of the good old times on the tide waters of New England. Like all pick-up teams the members have grown and gone their separate ways. The original four dories, well used for thirty years, have outlived further maintenance. A snowplow operator, friend of the club, unaware of one in a drift by the boathouse did it in. The others, from all the hauling, storage and repairs finally went the way all of us will. They, *Valkerie*, *Gudrid*, *Freydis*, and *Kirsten*, all Viking names, wore out. We miss them yet understand that even the professionally built clipper ships and famous schooners of old were only active for a couple decades on average.

Remembering the Rings Island Rowing Club

By Pike Messenger



School children hiked up this granite knoll to their one room school house in the 19th and early 20th centuries. After cars and trucks took over roads from horses, it housed a fire engine for awhile. The Rings Island Rowing Club moved in with their dories in the late 1980s. (Photo by Rowland Williams)

Our dories, frames of local oak and planks of cheap AC exterior plywood, lived over thirty years with frequent care. We are told one still rots slowly in a back yard. Alice Twombly, long time rowing club leader, wife, mother and aunt of several members, who has gone on to lead other youth rowing programs, says it is being saved for a Viking funeral for one of the club's founders. Alas, there are probably rules against a burning boat and body being floated down the Merrimack on an ebb tide.

It was the water, of course, that brought boats, boys, girls, women and men together for a time. Water, companionship, exercise, sea air and maritime history were but some of our interests. There is nothing like homemade oars pulled from group or self-made wooden boats to connect psyche with sea. Sail might also do; we now and then rigged the dories as fisherman of old had with simple sprit sails to take advantage of favorable breezes. Most of the time muscles did the work. Motors never did. At our boathouse, once a Salisbury one-room school and later firehouse, we carved out 8-1/2' and 9' oars from select spruce staging boards. We could get two pairs from one plank. Here is what one oar maker wrote about that pleasant chore.

Oar Making

My spoke shave cut without a hitch
Long spruce shavings left the plank
To become piles around my horses
On which were now two oars.
Then further smoothed they needed oil,
I hesitated, white virgin wood
Somehow seems not made for stain.
Tradition got the upper hand
On the flaxseed pressings went
Lovely yellow grain leaped forth
(A virgin stained is not a whore.)
From hard hide two leathers cut,
Soaked soft, wrapped tight
Where galvy yokes would chafe.
Could hardly wait to try them out
To pull my dory on the tide,
Arms, oars, and locks in sync
Connecting head to clear cold sea.

The handsome, yet not identical, oars have like the club's members strayed. We hope the oars are in good use somewhere and that the for-a-time rowers are successful.

The two club members reminiscing vaguely promised, as they and others meeting often do, to check the calendar and the tides for yet another row. Past early morning pulls on the flood up past Lowell's to a river-side ledge at Maudley State Park get fewer and farther between. In the good old days we'd go for rows at all hours and seasons. One remembered was of our four dories with crews and a dog going to the ocean in pitch blackness on the wide mouth of the Merrimack. Esker, Nancy's good dog, howled like a wolf at her mistress' coaching. Members nearby in boats unseen except for swinging kerosene lanterns picked up the cry.

Later on Salisbury Beach we rested as the moon came up. Larry O'Brien good reciter from memory of long poems gave us Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Mr. Flood's Party", an entertaining but sad choice for a fine summer's night. After the hearing the poem and engaging in more chatter we happily, unlike lonely Eben Flood in his cups, returned to our waiting boats; where with the moon shining on our faces we rode the turned tide home.

The Rings Island Rowing Club still has a silent boathouse and three dusty small dories called "Gloucester Gulls" with beautiful lines designed by the late Phil Bolger. Club members have gone on to other things like marriage, careers somewhere, and two score unknown lives. We hope they sometimes hearken back to the howls of the late Esker or to Chris' musical cries "stroke, stroke" as cold spray comes over the rails and hits their faces.

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At our May meeting we were honored to have a presentation by Jim Cummings and three teenagers from Urban Promise's "Urban Trekkers" program in Camden, New Jersey. They spoke of personal experiences and rewards from building small boats, exploring local waters together and then building bigger plans to tour further reaches of the US this summer. In each of them, mentor and student alike, we could sense the impact that small boats was having on them, and the foundations for life that were being created.

Most of us are familiar with the TSCA mission statement as an organization that "works to preserve and continue the living traditions, skills, lore and legends surrounding working and pleasure watercraft." We ourselves find our own place in the TSCA. Some are intrepid sailors. Some are engineers looking to find their vision of tradition in the new technologies available. Others still are celebrating family quality time, with boats serving as the common "playpen" to do so. When we get together we, too, find a common bond, with many diverse skills and opinions that serve to build last-



Delaware River TSCA

The Mainsheet
Newsletter of the Delaware
Valley Chapter TSCA

Water Log

By Mike Bill
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA
www.tscanet/delriver/index.html

ing friendships and experiences. Those of us who attend the monthly meetings look forward to getting together and recounting our recent ventures, on the water, in the shop or in activities with family where the boat was a central theme. From the strengths of this organization, we have built an inclusive, convivial organization that indeed builds on our mission statement.

But there is perhaps a greater mission in our organization. Over the past couple of years we have entertained several speakers and organizations to learn about their efforts on their own missions using boats as a common tool. We have responded with speaker honorariums and support from individual members to those organizations either by volunteerism or simple mentoring, or even individual financial support.

It was brought up at the May meeting that our TSCA as an organization, locally as well as nationally, does indeed have some resources to do more for these organizations and that perhaps we should look to do that more consistently and in a more structured way.

On May 18, the Cocktail Class Wooden Boat Racing Association (CCWBRA) held its first regatta of 2013 season at the Urbanna Town Marina, Urbanna, Virginia. The Urbanna Creek Cocktail Class Boating Association (UCCBBA) hosted the event which they dubbed the Urbanna Cup. The UCCBBA is a new addition to the CCWBRA. Over this past winter members built seven Cocktail Class Racers in a storefront on Virginia Street in Urbanna. The townspeople were able to watch as sheets of plywood turned into beautiful race boats.



Ken Tweed Waiting for Instructions in "Pain Killer"

Cocktail Class Regatta

By Frank Stauss
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the
Delaware River Chapter TSCA



Race day dawned chilly with showers. It didn't get any better as the day wore on but we were able to race between the rain drops. There were 33 boats and 38 drivers participating in the event. This was the largest regatta to date for the CCWBRA. Races were held in four divisions, 6hp Women, 6hp Heavyweight, 6hp Open and 8hp Open.

Three Delaware River Chapter TSCA members participated. Fred Allerton took third place honors in the 8hp Open Division. Ken Tweed also participated in the 8hp Open Division, posting his best time in his new boat *Pain Killer*. I qualified for the finals in the 6hp Heavyweight Division but failed to win a prize.

The CCWBRA was founded in 2010 to encourage racing the Cocktail Class Racer. The Cocktail Class Racer is based on the lines of the outboard racer Skua. Charles MacGregor designed the Skua in 1939. At only 8' in length the one design boat can achieve speeds of 16-27mph depending on engine size and weight of driver. The speeds don't sound like much but when you are in the cockpit you feel like you are FLYING!

The CCWBRA, while only in existence for a few years, has grown in popularity. There are over 130 members in 33 states. We were just informed that five boats are currently being built in Poland. The boats are not difficult to build. They can either be built from plans or by a kit provided by Chesapeake Light Craft. For more information check out the website at: www.ccwbr-a.com. Get on the water and join the fun!



Fred Allerton Moving Right Along in "Smokin' Loon"



Frank Stauss in the Finals in "Anna Jane"

About Our Delaware River Chapter TSCA

The Chapter meets the first Tuesday of each month at the Red Dragon Canoe Club, Edgewater Park, NJ. The meetings are open to all. Anyone wanting information should contact Frank Stauss at fstauss@verizon.net.

I finally found it, the perfect canoe. For more years than I care to count I have searched for the perfect canoe. It all started when several of us boys "liberated" an old cement mixing box from a construction site and poled it out into a nearby swamp. Many a happy hour was spent pushing ourselves about in this leaky conveyance. It floated, which was all we really cared about, as we explored the nooks and crannies of the swamp that would disappear in the summer heat and reappear in the spring.

Eventually tiring of that, and the cement tub having mysteriously disappeared, we graduated to building our own wood and canvas canoe(s), two as I recall, in the basement of the local Catholic church. They also floated and were actually used on a fishing expedition to northern Wisconsin. I don't recall what happened to them.

My next boat was a real wood and canvas canoe which my older brother had acquired after a summer in the boundary waters as a Boy Scout counselor. My joy and enthusiasm knew no bounds as we lugged it down to the banks of the Upper Iowa River which flowed through town on its way to the Mississippi River. Not only did it float but we could actually maneuver it. More time was spent learning the intricacies of canoeing and canoe repair. After seriously damaging the canvas on numerous rocks and snags I re-covered the beast in high school shop class which led to many more enjoyable seasons on the aforementioned river. Don't know what happened to that canoe either.

College, marriage and family, and jobs soon took precedent over my boating experiences until I returned to my home town and the Upper Iowa River beckoned once again. A Grumman aluminum canoe was purchased (my first boat purchase) and it floated. I could



The Perfect Canoe

By Darrell Henning



steer and mostly make it do the things I wanted it to do and, best of all, it could take a lot of abuse, which the river served up in abundance.

About that time my wife and I discovered the Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario and experienced the pleasures of canoeing and extended camping trips on some really big lakes, but the Grumman was not the best canoe for these waters and I lusted after one of the lighter, faster and sleeker looking composite canoes that passed us with seemingly little effort both in the water and on the portages. So we bought one which also floated and served us well on our annual outings into Quetico. But I could never "bond" with it. I longed for the traditional shape and feel of the classic canoe.

Several years ago while preparing for the trek into the lakes we found a brochure on the bed at the motel in Atikokan, Ontario. There was a traditional wood and canvas canoe builder just down the road. We stopped by and were treated to a tour of the builder's

shop and a bit of history on how she came to be building canoes. We left but got only about a quarter mile down the road, turned around and put a deposit on the smaller of the two canoes Thelma Cameron builds. Periodically that winter Thelma would forward pictures of our canoe as she progressed.

I sold the composite canoe and the following year took possession of our very own Fletcher's Fancy, 15' wood and canvas canoe. Not only is the canoe beautiful (one person who purchased one has hung it on his wall as artwork) but it was all I could expect and more. Due to some subtle design features (it was designed by Thelma's uncle, Paul Fletcher, an aircraft engineer) it handles better than any canoe I've owned, rented or borrowed, weighs less (about 50lbs) and slices through the waves with ease and dignity instead of riding up on said waves and slamming down with a subsequent bang and spray. We bonded immediately.

I still have the Grumman and a small solo composite canoe which I use on the river, but each year I look forward to loading up the Fletcher with a week's or more worth of provisions and camping gear and heading out into the lakes of Ontario. It is a joy to look at, paddle and portage. I could ask for nothing more. I've finally found the perfect canoe. It has the sleek lines and classic style reminiscent of First Nation and voyageurs' canoes that grace the Adirondacks and north woods paintings and seem so much of a part of the national landscape of my imagination.

Check out Fletcher Canoes at fletchercanoes.com to learn more about these fantastic canoes (the Fletchers Fancy and the larger Bill Mason Special). If you are truly fortunate, Thelma Cameron, with Randy's help, will build you your perfect canoe.



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Canoe Cruise Round Mull to Iona

By "Lark"

First Published in *The Daily Mail*
September 1871

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak Association

A cruise up the west coast of Scotland in a 10- or 20-ton yacht is always a little risky, even in mid summer, nearly sure to be uncomfortable for, if the wind be contrary, night coming on, currents strong and anchorage far in the distance, what can a cautious captain do but give the land a wide berth, or "lay to" all night to keep clear of the many sunken rocks and ugly shoals, which are only too plentiful as a glance at the chart will show.

To a canoeist all these dangers count as nothing. Six inches of water will float his boat over anything and, if a gale springs up, he runs for the shore, where in some sheltered corner, a bit of turf six feet square can always be found to pitch his tent upon. Once inside, with dry clothes on and supper under weigh, he can laugh at the storm.

The canoes, *Rambler*, *Monsoon* and *Lark* started from Roseneath along with the "club cruise," accompanying the "squadron" as far as Tighnabruaich where all rested over the Sunday. The three boats were much the same in their dimensions, 15' long by 29" or 30" broad, and when they started, were fully equipped and provisioned for a fortnight's cruise.

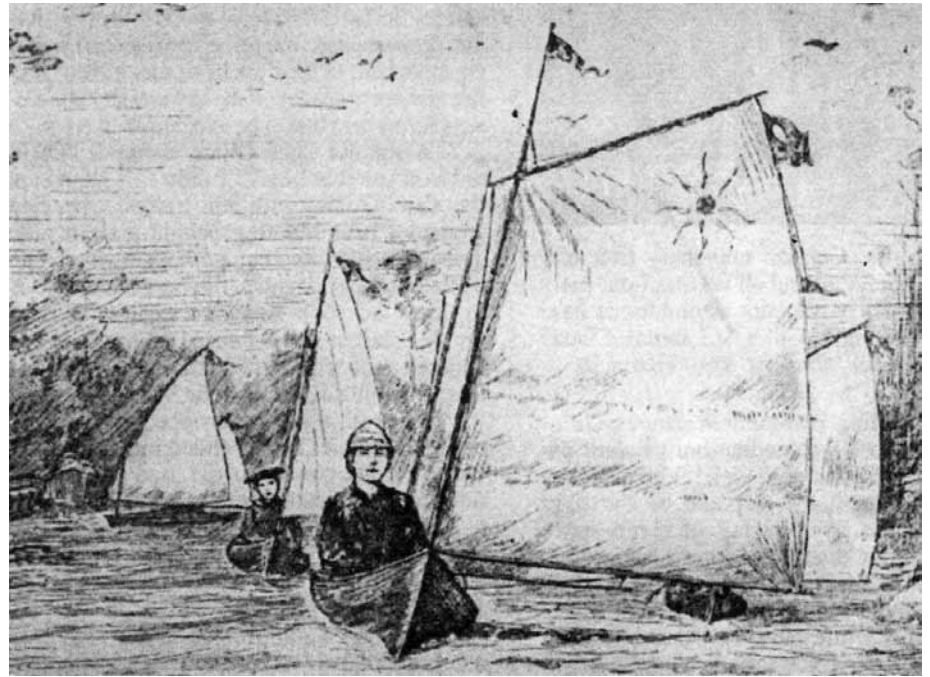
The amount of luggage which can be carried inside of one quite bewilders an outsider. *Rambler* and *Lark* had on board between them in excess of ordinary gear, and altogether out of sight, three portmanteaux, two large waterproof bags, 4' long (all full of clothes), two heavy rugs, tent, poles and waterproof sheeting complete, spirit cooking apparatus, one gallon each of methylated spirits and water, two life belts, tins of preserved meat, biscuits, charts, etc., and the boats were not in the least heavily laden.

With the beginning of the week we started on our cruise and at Ardiamont Point, farewell to *North Briton*, *Annie*, *Bowieknives*, *Shirttails* and *Bothnia*, who had all accompanied us so far. The day was lovely and not too hot but it was dead calm, so paddles were got ready and a beeline made for Tarbet.

As we got well across, the dark sails of the fishing boats could be discerned creeping out of harbour down along the shore, scarcely visible against the brown and purple background of the heathery hills beyond. Soon we were among them and near enough for their stalwart, bronzed crews to ask us, "where we were bound for?" and if we "had room for any steerage passengers?" a question always asked by fishermen and evidently thought to be extremely witty.

At the head of Tarbet Harbour, our boats were beached and an appreciative crowd of juveniles carried them up on to the road, where they lay till carts were got to take them over the hill. The portage was easily managed and we had the pleasure of seeing them floating in West Loch Tarbet within the hour, none the worse of the jolting on the way across.

Wherever one sees Tarbet or Tarbert on the map of Scotland he may be sure that there is only a narrow neck of land with water on



either side and that it is a place across which his canoe may be carried, for the word is of old Norse origin and signifies "haul boat" or a place across which a boat may be dragged. The neck between Arrochar and Tarbet on Loch Lomond, East and West Loch Tarberts in Kintyre, Jura, Lewis, Ross-shire, etc., all bear out this meaning of the word.

We launched off alongside of a little jetty where the Islay steamer calls occasionally but the wonder is how she manages to get up so far as the whole loch seemed very shallow, the bottom being visible nearly all the way down.

Near the head are some little islands picturesquely wooded, others more rocky, and further down are noted resorts of seals. Ardpatrik, at the mouth of the loch, was our camping place for the night. A bad beach under the lee of a little island, but smooth grass to pitch a tent on. Our spirit lamp had water boiling in a few minutes and the steward for the day produced soup and bouille for the first course, Liebig's extract (instead of tea) with biscuits doing duty for the second.

After a plunge in the water and breakfast over the next morning, we got everything made snug and rounded Ardpatrik Point prepared for anything. A few miles off, on our left, lay the low hilly Island of Gigha, with one little knob in the centre for its highest peak. But our course was northwards, across the bare and forbidding Loch Stornoway, more deserving of the name of a broad unsheltered bay than that of a loch.

The coast all along was so rugged that not a landing place could be seen, even for a canoe, but at Kilberry Point a small patch of snow white sand was sighted among the rocks, so enticing in appearance that we landed at once for another bathe and lunch. It was rather exciting work running in on the crest of a big roller and hitting the exact moment that your keel touched the bottom to jump out, catch the bow under your arm and run her up high and dry before the next wave overtook you, but we managed it without even getting wet.

By the time we got afloat again, there was a change in the weather and our oilskins were pulled out in readiness. The clear bright

sky vanished, great banks of rain threatening mist began to gather over the Jura hills and the dark cloud shadows crept stealthily hither and thither along the hushed surface of the water. The air felt close and sultry and no sound could be heard but the discordant cries of the sea birds making for the shore.

A thunderstorm was brewing and everything seemed to indicate that we would get the full force of it while crossing Loch Killisport. The distant peels of thunder were heard and we had a rain squall about our ears for half an hour or so, but that was all. On to the north got the benefit, as we afterwards found out. Loch Killisport, with its overhanging mountains and dark glens, was passed with a very superficial inspection for the islands ahead showed that we were nearing Loch Sween, by some considered the most interesting loch for canoeing on the west coast.

The entrance is narrow, intricate, and blocked with rocky islands or sunken reefs. For this reason, yachts generally give it a wide berth, fishing boats being about the largest craft that are seen in it. Sunken reefs were no obstacle to us for canoes always take the short cuts, and if there is enough water to float the seaweed off the stones, there is plenty for you, too.

The islands are the chief attraction at the mouth of the loch. Innumerable sea birds of every species and variety go to them in the breeding season, for there they can rear their young undisturbed by man or beast. One high rocky island about 100' long, near the shore, was almost covered with the nests of the little terns which are very numerous here.

The *Lark* put her crew ashore to inspect but had to run back in double quick time for his paddle to defend himself against about 500 of the little creatures which had swooped down on him whenever he went near the young ones. The nests are very rudely constructed and lay about everywhere on the rocks, open and unprotected. In some were one or two speckled eggs and in a few, the little beaks could be seen at work chipping the shells. Little, fat, young ones, covered with yellowish hair, were scuttling about in all directions, trying to hide themselves among the short grey lichens and tufts of wiry grass,

something after the ostrich's style, all was right if they could only get their heads pushed out of sight.

Leaving the islands behind, we scudded up the loch before a fine SW breeze for the grand old ruins of Castle Sween which could be seen standing out on a promontory straight ahead, covered with ivy but still sturdy and massive looking. We landed on the gravely beach in front and in a short time had explored it thoroughly, for nothing except the walls now remain, but they are likely to stand long enough, being about 10' thick. The main court inside is about 60' square and in the centre is a deep well in perfect condition.

Leaving the castle, we hoisted our respective clouds of canvas and sailed for Tayvallich at the head. Tayvallich is a small village at the head of one of the prettiest little bays imaginable. It boasts a small inn and while we were at tea there, the landlord got a cart ready to take the canoes over to the Sound of Jura, a distance of about half a mile. Only the two larger ones could be got into the cart, so the little *Lark* was left behind, to be taken over afterwards by some kind hearted men standing about who picked her up, packed with luggage as she was, and carried her across at the shoulder.

This short portage saved us nearly a day's journey, so with renewed spirits, we pushed on against the tide to make Loch Crinan. The wind and the tide meeting made a most disagreeable sea to paddle against and it was with a feeling of great relief that we rounded Ardnòe Point into the still water beyond just as darkness was settling down over the hills. There is a little bay close behind the point, most admirably suited for camping, and we were not long in hauling the boats up and having the tents pitched, dark though it was.

Usually the tent pins were quite sufficient to hold it down, but the wind was rising and came whistling round the corner in angry gusts, so to make everything sure we loaded the edges of the canvas all round with big stones and then after putting on all the extra clothes we had, turned in to sleep with a waterproof sheet below, rugs above and cork life belts for pillows.

"How to get through the Dorus Mor," opposite Coiriebheacain, was the first problem to be solved as we paddled out of Loch Crinan next morning. It wanted two hours off slack water, the tide still running out, so we made for the furthest up passage of Loch Craignish, thinking the current would be milder there. Somehow or other, we lost the bearings of the place and got into the wrong passage, between some of the smaller islands below, which have very shallow passages between and through which the tide rushes like a mill race.

Things looked very lively ahead. Breakers curling and roaring straight before us, the seas all round being covered with a multitude of angry little three-cornered sorts of waves, the most dangerous of all kinds for a boat never rises to them, they are so steep. To turn back was impossible, on we went smash through it all. Now an eddy would suddenly slew your boat half round and the full force of the paddle would be needed to keep her straight.

The next moment a great mass of black water, disgorged from some eddy below, would rise close alongside above the deck and disappear just as quickly, for you are whisked past it like a shot and soon feel

yourself among the jumpy little waves at the bottom of the overfall as it is called on the charts. We were now within three miles of the dreaded whirlpool but the wind was blowing away from us and no distant roar could be made out though we were on the alert.

Avoiding the Scarba Sound to the left, we made for the narrow passage between Luinng and Shuna, then across the lovely Loch Melfort, encircled by its majestic mountains, to Seil Sound, one of the most curious and unique passages of its kind, in Scotland. It is more like a river than an arm of the sea, for it is so narrow in one place. Maltmers is a single arch across it, with a span of not more than 30 feet.

A canoe was seemingly "rara avis" up here, for country folks seemed perfectly transfixed with amazement at the sight of such curious boats and stood in groups along the shore staring at us after we had passed them.

Immediately on leaving the shelter of the land to make for the Sound of Kerrera, we were exposed to the full force of the Atlantic swell. It was a new and exhilarating sensation to feel oneself whizzing along before the wind, on the top of a great roller 80' or 100' long, and the next moment to be down in the trough, between the waves so that only the peak of your neighbour's sail could be seen.

Danger there is none in a long rolling sea with a canoe except when it blows very hard and the big combers begin to rear their heads above you. We looked in vain for the entrance to Loch Feochan on our right, but were going so fast that Dunolly Castle was seen and the white house of Oban peeped out from behind the rocky point ahead before the chart could be examined for its bearings.

After changing our clothes to be in keeping with the civilisation around, we ran straight into the beach in front of the hotel, having run up from Crinan in about five hours. Oban is much too public for canoeists to spend much time in as the boats are sure to get some rough usage from the crowd of idlers which always gather round them. An hour or two to dine and get rested was all we wanted but before leaving, which we did about 5 o'clock, a fresh stock of provisions was laid in, also a lot of candles for use in the tent at night.

The evening was tranquil and we slipped across the Firth of Lorn with a nice breeze astern to help us along. Halfway across to the green isle of Lismore, the Duke of Argyll's steam yacht, *Columbia*, bore down on us and we could make out his Grace and the Duchess sitting together at the stern. Our colours were nailed to the mast but we dipped our paddles instead in response to their waving of handkerchiefs and hats.

The first land we made on the Mull side was Duart Point with its grim old weatherbeaten tower standing out in bold relief against the evening sky, bringing to mind the turbulent times when MacLean of Duart exposed his wife on the "Lady's Rock" and involved the whole of this part of the country in a savage war between his own clan and the MacDonalds.

Enough daylight remained for us to manage across to the other side of the bay at Duart where, in a sandy cove behind the point, we pulled our canoes up and got the tent pitched. The midges were fearfully voracious here and in the tent we found immense volumes of tobacco smoke the only cure. Every crevice was closed up and soon sleep

overtook us for we had done a heavy day's work, all the way from Crinan.

Next day, struck tent at 5am by the only watch which was going and packed everything in waterproofs as rain threatened. *Monsoon* was in a "peck of troubles" for a can of preserved milk had got adrift in his clothes bag and striped them all like Sienna marble. Our luck for fair winds had also deserted us for it was dead in our teeth and a stiff paddle up the Sound was the forenoon's work.

We passed the grey old walls of Ardnornish Castle, made celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in the "Lord of the Isles" and the snug harbour of Loch Aline on our right, Salen and Aros being far away in a deep bay or elbow on the other side. The landlocked harbour of Tobermory was reached about 11:30 and we determined to have breakfast there as a small quantity of biscuits and Liebeg had been our only meal that day.

What was our astonishment when we found that instead of the forenoon, it was 6pm. The watch had played us a fine trick by stopping through the night and we had slept through it all till about midday. Tea was ordered instead of breakfast and after it was over, we were ready to join in the laugh about our powers of sleeping 13 hours at a stretch.

A council of war was held after our tea to determine our future course. To take steamer round Ardnamurchan to Skye was one way, to sail round Caliach Point to Staffa if possible, or to coast up Loch na Keal and from its head, to cart across to Salen on the Sound of Mull was the other. The weather was settled, the wind nowhere and the moon near the full, so we determined to go round part of the way that same evening, leaving our decision till the morrow. The whole population seemed to have turned out to see us start and all the juveniles in the place escorted us out of the bay as far as the road went, where they gave three ringing cheers by way of farewell.

It was the loveliest evening imaginable, everything seemed serene and at perfect rest. Close in beside the steep wooded banks we paddled on, the noise of the ripple from our bows and the light dipping of our blades being the only sounds to hear while, if we looked down on the smooth surface of the water, the vivid reflection of every clump of heather and feathery bracken on the rocks above met the eye, almost like reality.

A mile or two from Tobermory a little white lighthouse built on some jutting out rocks marked the end of civilisation to us for beyond it everything was bare and wild. Not a tree, not even a whinbush or patch of brown heath to be seen, the shortest of short grass seemingly being the only vegetation that can exist on these weatherbeaten hillsides. Still, as seen by the mellow rays of the setting sun, everything appeared inexpressibly beautiful.

To the north were the ragged Ardnamurchan hills, their western sides all tinged with a golden glow of light, except where the torrent beds showed like deep dark scars, while their backs were all enveloped in a cold grey shadow. From information received at Tobermory, we were led to believe that six miles round there would be found a fine sandy bay where our boats could land safely. Six miles had been gone over and more but instead of sandy bays, the great wild precipice seemed to tower higher and higher above our heads, each time we turned inshore to reconnoitre.

Suddenly, far above us and back from the sea, could be seen the white walls and pointed turrets of some big castle or other.

"They must have a place for beaching boats," we argued, but the only break in the cliffs that could be found was filled with immense boulders against which the heavy Atlantic swell would have smashed our light canoes more than we would like.

After some vain attempts to land, we felt rather nonplussed, but the night was fine, the stars shining brightly and the welcome light of the moon could be seen struggling through the clouds about the hill tops to the SE. To turn back would never do, so the chart was got out and by the light of wax vestas, we could see that the only break in this iron bound coast was Loch Cuan, still a long way ahead but safe and well sheltered when reached.

Keeping close together, off we started again, turning neither to right nor left till the mouth of the loch was reached but unluckily just at this time, the moon set, leaving us to grope our way up to the head with nothing but star light to guide us. The coast was fearfully rough and though the roar of surf kept us clear of broken water, yet it gave one's nerves a decided shock as your boat glided quietly along, to see a great white rock start up below you like an apparition and disappear as suddenly, making the water around seem doubly black when you looked over the side to see if more were coming. A yacht could never have come in here in the dark for we would have been wrecked a dozen times if the canoes had drawn much water.

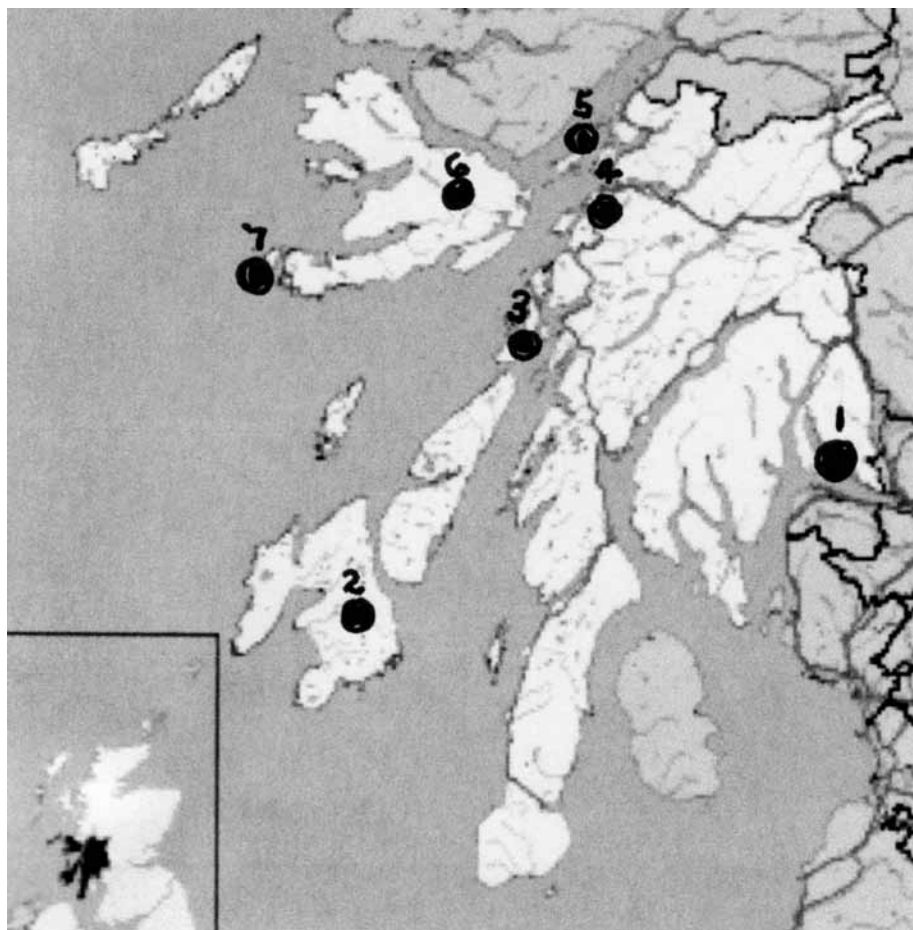
After a deal of hunting about, a quiet corner was at length found and we pitched our tent by lamplight, thankful to get to bed at all before daylight broke. We did not sleep more than five hours but were early up studying the weather in the morning for a westerly gale might keep us in this loch for a week and compel us in the end to cart the boats overland back to Tobermory, a nasty alternative.

A stiff breeze from the north had sprung up and we managed to sail out easily though the sea had every appearance of rising before long. Calaich Point, savage and dangerous looking, lay straight ahead with the waves breaking angrily over the black reefs which run out to the sea beside it and we knew that it would be as much as we could do to get past it with dry jackets, for the flood tide had still three hours to run against the wind.

With hatch covers on and everything ready for rough work, we rounded the Point to face the nasty short sea we well knew awaited us. It was a grand sight but when once in the middle of it, with the curling white wave crests roaring all round you and giving the deck an occasional washing, no time was spent in admiration. By keeping in the eddies, we dodged a great deal of the hard work, but the points where the angriest seas were, could not be shirked and it was a case of dashing through the steep crested waves as best we could.

Monsoon's sail being too large, had to be doused 'instantly' during one of the squalls but the boats behaved nobly and as we rounded Treshnish Point after three hours of battling with the most perplexing and fatiguing sea it had ever been our lot to face, we felt that nothing short of a regular storm would be too much for them in open water. On the lee side of the Point a halt was called to have lunch and rest till the tide turned in our favour.

When we started again, it was with sails reefed down to show more than a corner, for the wind was much stronger, though the sea seemed longer and more regular. Up past



1 Roseneath - 2 Islay - 3 Luing - 4 Oban - 5 Lismore - 6 Mull - 7 Ionia

Ulva's Isle to Loch na Keal and then over to Salen was never thought of now as our route, for Staffa lay before us and the wind was fair. What more did we need?

On the run down within a mile of the island, we met the *Pioneer* coming out from behind it enroute for Tobermory and Oban with the usual crowd of tourists on board, looking if anything, a little more melancholy than ordinary, for some seemed to be sick. To land on Staffa was our first thought but the only bit of beach on the lee side was very stony and the big rollers dashing in forbade the attempt.

So we made the tour of inspection on board ship, going into the "Clam Shell Cave" as far as there was water to float us, then through the passage between the curious island called the "Herdsmen" and the shore, and last of all, to see that wondrous temple of nature's own construction which man can look at with admiration but never equal, Fingal's Cave.

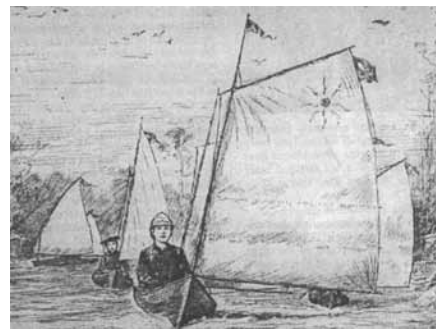
To get up to the head of it without being smashed by the billows as they came thundering in, required some sharp practice, but it was managed. The noise was tremendous and a ducking was enjoyed while backing out again through the waves as they came fair over the stern. The distance from Staffa to Iona is seven miles but it looks a great deal further so we determined to make tracks for it as quickly as possible.

The wind was now blowing half a gale, the waves being very big and plainly increasing in size every minute, so we put on a spurt to get to shelter quickly. *Rambler* got separated on the way and though only a few hundred yards off, the little flag on top of his

mast was all that could be seen of him at times. A small herring was washed aboard the *Lark* and secured before the next wave took it away again, as it lay spluttering on top of the hatch cover.

Working as we had never done since the beginning of the cruise, the canoes fairly flew before the wind, and reached the smooth water in the Sound of Iona in less than 50 minutes from leaving Fingal's Cave. The hospitality of the Ionians was so pressing that it was no use trying to go any further, so the island was made headquarters and the next three or four days were spent in cruising about the Ross of Mull and up Loch Screiden.

Greenock was reached on board the *Dunvegan Castle*, a secure place for the canoes being inside the ship's lifeboat, and after a turn round the Channel Fleet, the well known point at Roseneath was rounded, neither ship or captain being any the worse for their rough journey of 400 miles by land, sea and steamer.



Messing About in Boats, August 2013 - 13

Our Norumbega Chapter WCHA spring wilderness trip for 2013 was scheduled for May 16 through May 19 in the area of Grand Lake Stream in far eastern Maine, near the New Brunswick border. The plan was to put in at the Sysladobsis Dam, paddle a loop through Pocumcus Lake into Junior and Bottle Lakes with a portage back to Sysladobsis Lake, taking out back at the dam. It looked and sounded like a good plan, the only problem turned out to be the high spring winds on those big lakes.

Our original travel plans for the trip were tossed in the hopper about 12 hours before our departure. On Wednesday afternoon John Fitzgerald's Ford Explorer was rear ended and totaled by a teenage driver texting instead of looking where he was going. Fortunately the seat belts and air bags worked just as they should and everyone came out in pretty good shape, the Explorer went off on the hook, never to return.

After about an hour of phone calls all around New England we came up with new plans. Robin Lauer would drive up from Connecticut with his truck, transport John and Brendan Fitzgerald, along with Sadie, the dog, to my home in Groveland, Massachusetts, where their canoes and gear would be transferred to my trailer and we would all go to Maine in one overloaded vehicle.

Somehow it worked and we rendezvoused with Alan Doty at the Kennebunk, Maine, service area about 20 minutes later than originally planned. David and Adam Dumas were ahead of us and we met them and their dog Abbie at the dam, ready to go at about 2:00 in the afternoon.



Four Chestnuts loaded and ready to launch on Pocumcus Lake, about 75 miles from the factory where they were all made 40 to 50 years ago.

It was a fairly short paddle from the dam to our intended stop, the Pocumcus East campsite on Pocumcus Lake, we were there within an hour. The site was already occupied but the fishermen who were there were friendly and agreed to let us join them and set our tents up back in the woods, away from the main camping area. There are very few campsites on these big lakes and it would have been a long paddle to get to the next one along the way to Junior Lake.

The only precipitation encountered on the trip arrived as we were setting up the tents, it came in the form of rain and pea-sized hailstones. The rain and hail came down quite seriously for a little while and

Grand Lake Stream Canoe Trip

By Steve Lapey
Photos by Robin Lauer

then it cleared out and life went on.

The first night in the tents was calm and peaceful until about an hour before dawn, we could hear the wind start to rush through the trees. Resting in my tent I was hoping that the wind was at least headed in our intended direction of travel. I couldn't tell until I came out of the tent and then it was apparent that it was coming in exactly the opposite way.

With gale force winds right on our noses, we confidently launched the canoes with the expectation that we could hug the shoreline and travel from cove to cove and make progress up the lake. I was paddling my red 15' Chestnut Chum, Robin paddled his Chum, a green one, the Fitzgerald's 17' Prospector was freshly rehabbed and painted green for this trip, the Dumas traveled in the big 18' green Prospector and Alan had his 15' stripper, a Hiawatha design by Bear Mountain Canoe, that he built.

The big Prospector canoes were near the limits of their ability to handle the conditions that we were in, their crews were able by really working hard to make some progress into the wind. The smaller Chums were just barely able to handle the conditions, but the Hiawatha was obviously somewhere it should not have been. Loaded as it was it was rapidly running out of freeboard and the larger waves were starting to splash over into the boat. I helped Alan move some of his cargo forward to try to make the canoe more bow heavy, but there was a limit to how much we could do out in the middle of the lake.



John, Sadie and Brendan working the waves on Pocumcus Lake.



Adam, Abbie and Dave in the big Voyageur. There is a lot of freeboard on this canoe.

Somehow we all managed to get into a protected cove and talked over the situation, Alan decided that the safest and best thing for him to do was to abandon the trip and return to the dam via the lee shoreline and head for

home. We really didn't want him to do that but, in looking back, it was the best thing to do. The little canoe just wasn't up to the task, and with the cold water temperature a swamped canoe could have been a fatal situation. We would never have been able to get someone in the water to shore somewhere where we could have gotten a fire going to warm him up before hypothermia did him in.

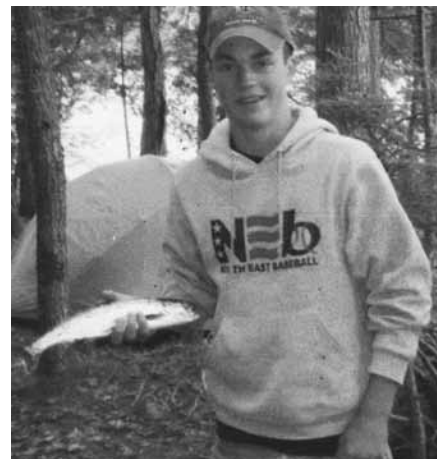
With great angst and regret we watched Alan paddle away in the only quiet water on the whole lake. We were relieved the next day when we saw that his Jeep was gone and he had left a note on the windshield on my car, he had made the voyage safely.



Alan in the Hiawatha, notice the lack of freeboard as compared to the Prospectors.

After Alan left us we attempted to get around one more point and into the next cove, but it was far from possible. We took refuge on shore at an unoccupied fishing camp where we sat around waiting for the wind to die down. It didn't. The fishing camp was nice and we gave some thought to setting up camp and staying there for the night, but it was private property and posted "No Camping" so we had to come up with another plan.

Our only option was to go the way Alan had, there was a small campsite a short way down the lake where we could stay without trespassing and see what would happen tomorrow. We set up camp as best we could at the small campsite and went through the usual routine of preparing meals and resting up. About 6pm the wind finally died down enough that Adam and Brendan were able to take the big Prospector out to see if they could find any fish in the lake. Soon they returned with two big grins and one big fish, Brendan had hooked an 18" landlocked salmon which he promptly cleaned and cooked in the reflector oven to share fresh fish with the crew. Perhaps the fishing on these big lakes is as good as they say.



From what we hear this is a small landlocked salmon. Fishermen come from far away to fish for these here at Grand Lake Stream.

Saturday morning dawned cold and clear and soon the wind picked up again. Our plan now was to paddle to the Sysladobsis Dam, carry to the lake of the same name and head for Big Island, which is where we had planned on being for this night. We would be forgoing the paddle up Junior Lake and Bottle Lake along with the half mile portage from Bottle to Sysladobsis. This gave us extra time at Big Island where the boys were able to do more fishing, this time with minimal luck, and we were all able to paddle around in the protected water on the lee side of the island. We kept the fire going all afternoon and into the evening when the wind died down once more.

Sunday morning we were all up at 5am, had breakfast and were packed up and moving before 7am for the paddle back to the dam where the vehicles were patiently waiting. Fitz had made arrangements to stop in and visit with Dale Tobey, a local builder of the Grand Laker canoes that all the fishing guides in the area use. After our brief experience with the wind and waves on these big lakes, it is easy to understand why the Grand Laker is the boat of choice for this area. Dale has made three Grand Lakers this year, one for himself to use for guiding and two for customers. One of the new ones was in his shop, the new owner was picking it up in the afternoon. A big 20' square stern canoe capable of handling a 15hp motor, this thing was beautiful and impressive. Covered with fiberglass and finished off with a one piece mahogany transom the Grand Laker looked too pretty to put in the water, but I am sure the new owner has lots of plans for this boat.



Dale Tobey explaining the fine points of his new Grand Laker.



Dale Tobey with John, Dave and Steve checking out another Grand Laker with lots more in the background.

For our return trip over the road, Dale suggested we take a short cut to Maine Route 9 to get back to I95 to get home faster. We did and he was right, shaving almost an hour

off the trip. Parting ways in Newport, Maine, the Dumas headed to Gray and we continued south to Groveland, Fitz doing most of the driving, an exhausted Sadie sleeping in the back seat. This canoe tripping is tough on a dog, not to mention the rest of us.

Several lessons were learned on this adventure. Always have a backup plan so we can avoid the rough water when these big lakes kick up and, in May, they are more apt than not to get pretty windy. Little canoes are fun to travel solo in, but they have their limitations. Once they are loaded down they don't have enough freeboard to keep the water out and, when paddling solo, it is difficult to control them in a stiff wind, more so if the upwind end cannot be kept lower to prevent weather cocking.

Next year we can try this area again, keeping to smaller lakes and paying attention to the wind conditions, leaving our options open.

To learn more about the Grand Lake Stream area go to the website for the Chamber of Commerce or just Google "Grand Lake

Stream." There are all sorts of neat places to stay where guides can be hired for some pretty exciting fishing. In addition to the landlocked salmon there are square tail trout, lake trout and some of the best large and small mouth bass fishing in Maine in the big lakes surrounding the town. To get there, use Maine Route 9 east from Bangor, it is about 350 miles from Boston and worth the trip.

Campsites in the area are maintained by the Downeast Lakes Land Trust based in Grand Lake Stream. They have nine sites in the Farm Cove Community Forest which are available on a first come, first served basis at no cost. They are primitive campsites, each one has a fire ring and a picnic table. The ones that we used all had decent landing areas and room for the four tents that we put up each night. Other campsites in the area are provided by the Maine Division of Parks and Lands and some are maintained by the Passamaquoddy Tribe. We didn't see any of these sites so we cannot offer additional information.


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I woke up and stretched. Then I glanced at the clock. 8:30! I jumped up! Then I realized I was home. I had been at summer camp in Maine where I was a craft counselor. Now I was home for a couple of weeks before I had to go to Philadelphia to start college. Life would be different! But for now I could relax a little. Dad had gone to work. Mom had a huge breakfast for me. Guess she thought they starved me at camp.

I opened my trunk that I had packed the last minute at camp, put some clothes with the laundry, hung my Indian costumes in my room and put my paddles in the garage with the canoe stuff. A fine summer at camp was over. But this time I wouldn't see my room full of my treasures for a long time.

I wonder when I would get a break and visit home. Visit home? What a big change leaving home, family. I put on some shorts, took my sweatshirt and ran a mile before heading home for supper. I was feeling bored already and anxious to make the move. Let's get it done.

But coming up, we had Labor Day with its family traditional big celebration to mark the end of summer. This fall we would not do the canoeing weekends at Lake Sebago anyway. I would miss them!

It was a family ritual. Promptly at 6pm the family sat down to a wonderfully cooked, substantial dinner, at which, stopping for the usual, "How was your day?" conversation, everyone ate two helpings of everything. Mom was a good old fashioned housewife which includes being a wonderful cook. Finally, Dad lit his pipe and started the evening conversation with a big surprise. We weren't going to Lake Sebago for Labor Day. We were going to nearby City Island and race.

We had been going to City Island since I was three and sailed there with that group of sailing canoeists and, because I was away at camp, Dad had been sailing there this summer and the big trophy races were being held there. And, he said, looking at me, "You are going to sail in the National, because I won the Lady Bug this summer."

Now, my camp duties did not include canoeing. I wasn't in any shape to sail the canoe, and in the National? But I couldn't say no. You don't do that.

My dad was a champion canoeist both in paddling and sailing but he never pushed me to follow in his footsteps. No. He pushed me to do every thing that he didn't get to do; be a track star, finish college, be an engineer. (He was a very good architect and interior decorator and champion wrestler as well as canoeist.)

I had won canoe paddling and sailing races since I was 11. That's the way it was in my family. You do something and you succeed. That's what you are supposed to do. So you don't even think of saying, "No." It is not an option. "I'll take off work on Friday and we'll go over and make certain the rigging is in good shape," he concluded.

My father had been sailing at City Island that summer so he had managed to leave the canoe over there in anticipation of the weekend. We jumped into the car after breakfast and drove the three miles to the Island. The Friday before Labor Day, so did everyone else! But we managed to park the car and walk over to the boathouse.

After some discussions with a few other sailors who were working on their canoes, we carried the canoe down to the float and managed to squeeze in alongside other boats all being prepared for the racing weekend.

The Great Race

By Larry Zuk

After checking the rigging, I shoved off and dodged out amongst the yachts moored off the island.

Sometimes that was a little tricky but this day we had a comfortable 13 or 14 knots with no breaking waves. This was a standard 17' canoe which anyone could purchase, but equipped with a fine sailing rig which my father had designed and we had made, except the sail, which was made by a famous sailmaker whose shop was just down the street.

In sailing these boats, we lay in the bottom using one hand on the sheet line and one on the paddle, putting the leeboard usually up and down with our feet. But as the wind increased we would have to stick our feet and legs over the gunwale and when needed we got our hip up on the gunwale and our feet out to windward.

Thus, when the wind was it's heaviest we were entirely outside of the canoe except for a little of the hip and the arm and hand that held the paddle! As I weighed only 135 pounds, I was frequently in that position.

This was Eastchester Bay, exactly where we were going to race for the next three days, and there were some channel markers which I used to practice rounding for a while and then I sailed back. Everything on the canoe seemed to be functioning well, so I swung in to the crowded float and nestled in between the boats. Dad took it out for a short sail.

At 52, he was a little past his prime, had won all the major paddling and sailing trophies and still would for another 16 years, except this National, which I won for him in this very same canoe and rig in 2002. He had won the other major trophy, the Lady Bug Trophy, that year beating the same sailors that were competing in these races.

This weekend was a particularly busy event because they were racing the big International 10 square meter canoes, the three classes of canvas canoes with crews of one, two and three sailors and the cruising class, that I was in, with smaller sails but steering with a paddle in the traditional way.

There would be a race each day for three days. Since Dad was not racing, he would be helping to run the races and keep track of all those canoes. That evening we were all prepared as we ate our usual wonderful home cooked meal and went to sleep early.

In the morning things had changed! The sky was grey and the wind was blowing the trees around even here in town. "Looks pretty heavy!" I said as we sat down to breakfast. We seldom hurried through breakfast, but we did that morning and we all bundled into the car and headed off.

Mom came, as usual, to talk with the other ladies on the porch and set out a lunch for everyone when the sailors came in. They didn't see too much of the races out pretty far in the Bay, just the canoes going out and coming in.

When we got to the club, the wind was howling out of the west, coming directly into the waterfront of the club. Sails were flapping and anything not tied down was blowing away. I had been nervous and now I was getting scared. Not really afraid yet, just sort of hoping they would call off the race. But I was not about to say so! Just hoping someone else would. At 18, I was the youngest competitor,

but Doug Cummings Jr, was about my age. Both of us would later win this championship many times but that was not on our minds that morning.

The committee bundled up their watches, flags, starting gun and bullhorn and shoved off in the small motorboat covered and protected from the rain but not spray. Everything was wet! And cold! One by one the canoes started going out. Carefully navigating through the moored yachts and staying clear of each other, we headed for the starting mark, a great big black frame with a light on it, where the Committee was moored.

We were sailing defensively, close hauled and spilling wind, trying not to take on much water and bailing with our scoops with one hand. To stop and empty the canoe was impossible as the heavy wind in our face would push us backwards fast. The 3' waves were building up higher as the increasing wind blew across the open bay.

The faster decked canoes started first with a ten minute, five minute starting sequence, then the big Class B, two-man canvas canoes, the one man canvas canoes and, lastly, we Cruising Class canoes. That requires a long wait, hanging around behind the starting line, bailing out our canoes and getting tired and thirsty.

Finally we were off, fairly close together. Then we separated as the veterans, Hans Waldinger, Johnny Hain and Doug Cummings, Sr moved ahead and we all split tacks, doing our best through the heavy waves. I knew former champions Hans and Johnny very well and had just met Doug Cummings. We were in great company! But for me, any hope of winning was fading away. We boys might win something if the other canoe rigs broke down and we finished. "I've got to finish for Dad," I said.

So I started sailing defensively, spilling wind, luffing straight into the big waves, trying to keep the water out of the boat. We were behind the other canoes that had started first and they were nowhere in sight. No other boats were crazy enough to be out in that wind and sea. As I took a quick glance, I could see a dim dark mass which was the Bronx shore to my right, and a grey dark area behind me which was City Island.

I was alone! It was a long, upwind mile to that first big red buoy. Just as I turned the mark to port and let out my sheet for the second leg reach to the next mark, a big wave came over my already half full canoe and I swamped. Not the worst thing in the world. Nothing broken, but I've got to finish!

Nowadays racing boats are made self bailing and all you do is turn them right side up. The decked canoes that were racing that day were built like that but not an open cruising canoe. The canoe was on its side with the mast and sail floating on the water. Unsnapping the vang from the mast, I pulled the mast out of the step and thwart so that the mast boom and sail were floating independently from the canoe and would not twist and break the mast thwart. It was still attached to the canoe by the long sheet line so we would not drift apart.

I tightened the leeboard in the up position so it would not get in the way and proceeded to shake out the canoe. This was very difficult in the big waves since I would get half the water out and a big wave would come along and fill it up again. But finally I got enough out so I could slither across the gunwale and sit in the canoe. I could bail out

most of the remaining water with my big bailing scoop.

About that time, a big Coast Guard launch pulled up to my windward side and some one with a big bullhorn shouted, "Are you OK?" "I waved and nodded. Then, "Do you want any help?" I shook my head and waved them off. Taking assistance would rule me out of the race. Then, turning the canoe up into the wind, I pulled the mast and sail over to the boat and stepped the mast, snapped on the vang, put down the leeboard and turned on my reach down the course. All this took considerable energy from this 18-year-old, 135lb boy. But I had to finish this race!

The reach was more difficult as the winds came at a broader angle from behind and the wind seemed to be stronger. No matter how hard I held the paddle, every extra heavy puff scooted the canoe broadside to the waves and slopped in some more water faster than I could bail it out.

Before I got to the next mark, the canoe was swamped and I could not hold it upright again. Unsnap the vang from the mast, up with the leeboard, shake out the water, climb in and bail and there were my friends from the Coast Guard again! "Are you OK?" "Yes." "Do you need any help?" "No." And I stepped the mast, hauled sheet and was off and turned the last mark for the port reach to the finish.

The wind was not any kinder on this tack and I took on water, broached the waves as before, except the wind seemed heavier. But perhaps I was just more tired. Going toward the finish meant going back to the island but it also meant that other canoes were converging on the same place. To starboard a big decked canoe scooted past with only its jib up and its mainsail slopped on the deck with the sailor jumping around on his sliding seat having a difficult time keeping from going over! I didn't see any other canoes.

The battle was getting more difficult, the waves seemed higher, the gusts stronger and I was wearing down. I really had no way of knowing how close I was to the finish line, although the island, dimly seen to starboard, seemed closer. Another decked canoe flew by with only its jib flying. And then, there I was, filled up again and over.

I unsnapped my vang, dismasted my rig and started to shake the water out. Of course, there was my friendly Coast Guard cutter. But this time it was different. "We're taking you in! Fasten down your rig and we'll tow you." This was no offer of help. This was an order! I had no choice. They were doing their job. It was hard to tell if they were admiring my strength and courage or deploring my stupidity!

I lashed my mast and sail to the thwarts and threw my bow line over. They added some more line and slowly, for them, headed toward home. It was fast for me as I sat in the bottom of the canoe and steered and bailed. It was a rough trip back and I didn't finish the race. For the first time in my life, I didn't finish!

Just off the island they dropped me, checked to see that I could paddle to the shore and headed out to help others. Tired, I sat for a moment watching a line of decked canoes come boiling in, sailing with their jibs only, but no open canoes. Just because some others didn't make it, did not change it for me. I didn't finish the race.

I slowly paddled into the float and several sailors lifted me and my canoe out of the

water and straightened up my rig. I slowly inched my way up the ramp, realizing for the first time how exhausted I was. Mom greeted me with open arms and Dad also, to some extent. He didn't say so but he was more disappointed than I was. I didn't finish.

Many of the other, better sailors didn't finish either but that didn't make any difference. Exhausted, I drank a lot and ate some sandwich. We talked to sailors as they came in. "It was rough out there, but it will be better tomorrow." "There are three races." They consoled each other. We all ate a little and then went home, preparing for the races on Sunday and Monday.

Sunday morning was the same as Saturday except for a few scrapes and bruises which I tried to conceal. We headed over to the island and rigged our boats and sat around. And the wind howled again and seemed worse than the day before! It probably wasn't, but it seemed so. The stories of upsets, of sailing on jib only, of sailing in and finishing, of breaking gear and of getting towed in, were repeated again and again.

The committee boat went out and stayed at the starting line, postponing the race several times. Based on weather reports and the

Coast Guard announcement that small boat warning signals would be up for the rest of the day, they cancelled the racing for the day and came in.

Stories of the results of Saturday were being discussed and sounded worse and worse as they made the rounds. Finally, based upon the weather conditions, the Committee decided to call off Monday's race and make awards based on the one race on Saturday! There was a great uprising and unofficial debate but no other date seemed available.

So the results were announced and the prizes awarded and we learned the facts. Nine of the decked canoes finished, but nine did not. Two of the smaller C Class finished and five did not. Four of 11 Class B Canvas Canoes finished and seven did not. In our cruisers, three veterans finished and we two juniors did not.

In total, of the 41 canoes that started, 18 finished and 23 did not! Being in the majority was not very consoling that day.

Since I went directly into the Navy from college, I didn't sail again until I got out of the Navy and came back to City Island in 1946. And again my dad said, "You sail it!"

Larry Zuk Legend of Paddling & Sailing

Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*
Newsletter of ACA Canoe Sailing



The ACA National Sail Committee nominated Larry Zuk for the Legends of Paddling Award 2012. Recipients of this prestigious award will be inducted into the ACA Paddlesport Hall of Fame.

Larry Zuk has advanced Paddlesport and the mission of the ACA for over 58 years. He was born into the ACA in 1923, a son of Commodore Thomas Zuk (1950-51). Some of Larry's accomplishments on behalf of Paddlesport:

- Attended Sugar Island since 1924.
- Active participant at Lake Sebago since 1936.
- Started the ACA Rocky Mountain Division in 1955.
- Rocky Mountain Division Executive Officer 1956.
- Rocky Mountain Division Vice Commodore 1957.

Rocky Mountain Division Sailing Chair 1969.

ACA Commodore 1957, 1958, ACA Board of Governors 1964.

First National Champion Whitewater Slalom Kayak Class in 1956.

First National Champion Slalom C2 Canoe with former wife Paula in 1956.

International Olympic Committee Official Montreal 1976.

Managed the 100th Anniversary of ACA Events 1980.

Produced the 1980 ACA Centennial Yearbook.

International Canoe Federation Sailing Rep 1981.

Winner of National & Divisional Canoe Sailing Races in Cruising Class while steering with a paddle.

Produced movie of Colorado whitewater paddling.

Established and became the first Chair of the ACA National Slalom Committee.

National Measurer, Recorder and Historian of the National Sail Committee for over a decade.

Started the canoe sailing newsletter *Down East*, which has since become the *Canoe Sailor* newsletter.

Guided canoe camping trips to Maine.

International Canoe Federation Paddling Representative.

Taught American Red Cross canoeing at camps as long as he was canoeing.

Designed and built canoes and kayaks since running the Colorado whitewater in a Foldboat.

Designed and produced the highly successful Dragonfly canoe made of super-cored layup of carbon fiber for sail racing.

Designed and produced the ACA Class sail. The ACA sail and rig which he designed has been very popular here and in Finland, over 440 sails have been sold since 1981. The ACA sail and rig have been great for entry level builders and canoe sailors and helped get canoeists and sailors into the sport.

I have a friend who owned a cruising sailboat and sailed the Chesapeake Bay extensively. He needed a crew, so I got to join him frequently for cruising. Unfortunately, his wife gets seasick and didn't enjoy seafood and these traits got worse over a 20 year span. When the sad day came that he had to sell the boat, he said "It's a good thing we ate dessert first!"

Since that time I have continued to explore gunkholes of the Chesapeake region by kayak and a 17' Boston Whaler. During our sailing days I was always fascinated by places described as treacherous by the cruising guides. "Don't try the southeast entrance without a local pilot," said Stone and Blanchard about Milford Haven. "Don't even think about it if you draw more than three feet," said Shellenberger about the Thoroughfare off York River. On a calm day, one can seek out these places in a shallow draft skiff if there is a suitable boat ramp nearby. Of course, it would be best to do things like this on a rising tide, but somehow my schedule never works out that way, so I just try it anyway.

Recently, I got to try two of these tricky passages during my annual boating week with my brother. First we staged our traditional amphibious raid on the old Yorktown waterfront. Our favorite crabcake is served at the Yorktown Pub on the waterfront, near "Cornwallis' Cave" where some of the British sheltered during the 1781 bombardment. We stage our raids from the public ramp on York County's Back Creek, the first tributary south of the York River entrance.

There are two ways to get to York River from this Back Creek and they require bypassing the Goodwin and Tue Marshes islands and shoals. We usually leave Back Creek by the direct route to the open Chesapeake Bay used by ocean going scallop boats. (The community of Seaford has the scallop fishing fleet of Virginia, it also has the local SeaTow operator, which is comforting.)

Once we are in the open bay we need to keep moving east to avoid the Tue Marshes, even in a shallow draft skiff. Although the York River hosts US Navy ships at the Naval Weapons Station, the ship channel is a long marked stretch extending from WAY out in the open Chesapeake Bay. Once we approach one of the ship channel buoys without running aground, then we can turn into the main York River channel and enjoy deep water all the way up to Riverwalk Landing in the heart of the tourist district.

Shoal Circumnavigations on the Chesapeake

"Don't try the Southeast Entrance without a local pilot"

By Jim Niederlehner



We don't do anything lubberly while approaching Yorktown because trainees from the US Coast guard training center are usually out there maneuvering in their small craft. I would hate to earn the first violation ticket issued by a newly hatched Coastie! We usually wear bright colored PFDs as a routine matter, hoping that game wardens and Coast Guardsmen will take a look and then redirect their attention elsewhere.

We can transiently dock at Riverwalk Landing for \$5 and walk to the Yorktown Pub for lunch. There is usually a substantial current running through the floating docks, so we point our bow up current while docking. The last time I tried it the wrong way I looked pretty lubberly in front of the Coast Guard trainees who dock there for lunch break!

After our crabcakes at the Yorktown Pub, we return to Back Creek via the tricky entrance called the Thoroughfare. This is the passage that Shellenberger refers to when he says, "Don't even think about it if you draw more than three feet." As luck would have it, each time we have made this pas-

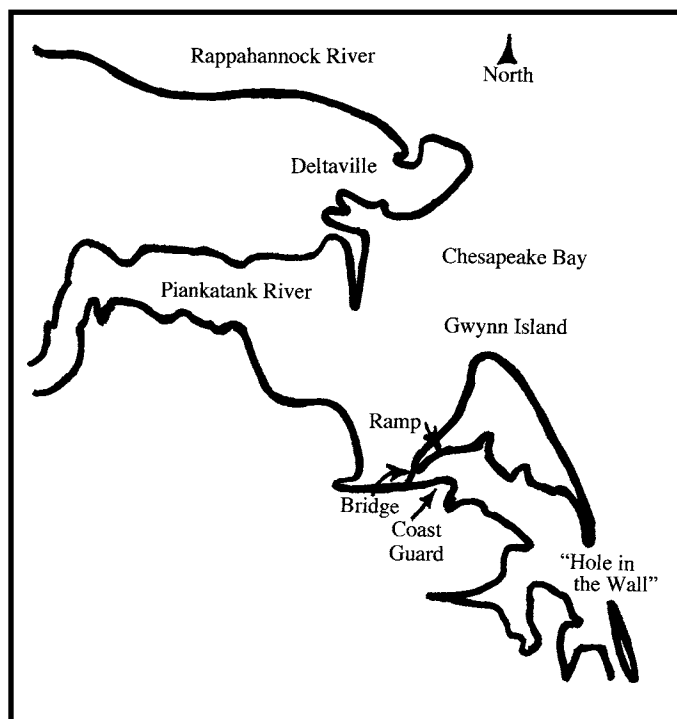
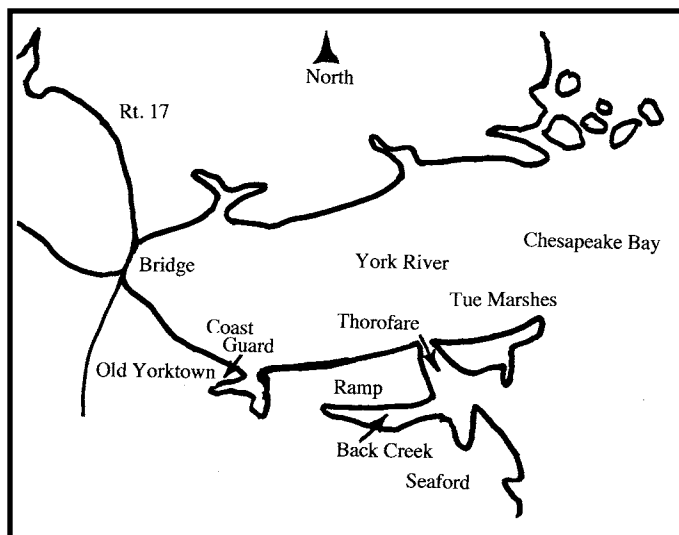
sage the tide was approaching the low point. Fortunately, the Boston Whaler "Montauk 17" only draws about two feet with the motor down and we were prepared to pole our way off if we got stuck. The Whaler has a basic fishfinder with the transducer mounted about 6" below the swim ladder. It doesn't read at planing speeds, but works nicely at low speed. On the recent trip, we made it over a 2 1/2' deep spot without any further difficulty.

On reaching deeper water in Back Creek, we were approached by some guys in a deep-V twin outboard going the other way towards the Thoroughfare. We warned them that the buoys in the Thoroughfare are numbered "returning from seaward" in the direction they were heading, and that we had encountered a 2 1/2' deep spot. When we last viewed them, they appeared to be going nowhere fast in the Thoroughfare.

Two days later, we made another island circumnavigation of a river's mouth, complete with more tricky passages and shoal waters. While scouting Matthews County for new launch ramps, we were told by some local fishermen that Gwynn's Island has "the best ramp in the county." Gwynn's Island is rich in history, having served in early 1776 as the refuge for Lord Dunmore, the last Colonial Governor of Virginia.

Gwynn's Island occupies the south shore of the entrance of the Piankatank River. It is separated from the mainland to the south by a harbor called Milford Haven. The local Coast Guard station is at Milford Haven, on the mainland side by the bridge to the island. This is reportedly the place where the revolting colonials fired artillery at Lord Dunmore's troops in 1776. (Older charts say "Gwynn Island.")

The prudent mariner enters Milford Haven from the Piankatank River by a well marked passage at the west end of Gwynn's Island. However, the imprudent mariner with a shallow draft boat can exit Milford Haven directly to the Chesapeake Bay via the "Hole in the Wall" passage. The "Hole in the Wall" passage is the one described by Stone and Blanchard's Cruising guide thusly, "Don't try



the southeast entrance without a local pilot." Shellenberger said, "Hole in the Wall is for gamblers." The writer for the 1986 version of *Chesapeake Bay Magazine's* guide spoke to the Coast Guardsmen and heard they "ran it six times in three days and got three bumps" with the Coast Guard boats.

After hearing such stuff of legend, we were eager to run out "Hole in the Wall," although we felt like cheaters doing it in a shallow draft boat on a calm day. The boat ramp is next to the bridge on the island side. We left the ramp angling towards the day-marks in the harbor at low speed, with nothing alarming showing on the fishfinder. Once the marked passage got wider, we would speed up between markers, but slow to take frequent soundings. We never measured anything less than 5'. After paralleling a long sandspit, the channel turned east and put us in the open bay. All of this seemed anticlimactic, but we carefully followed the markers out in the bay to guide us to the Piankatank River entrance. I still wouldn't want to try "Hole in the Wall" with a big keel sailboat though.

We proceeded to cruise into the Piankatank River for some sightseeing. It does require some twists and turns around a long spit, but is clearly marked. It is known as a scenic river (I agree!) and, as far as I can tell, is a favorite yachting ground for Virginia's gentry. The famous yachting town of Del-taville occupies the peninsula between the Piankatank and the Rappahannock rivers. Fortunately we didn't need any more gasoline because I always feel a little intimidated going into a plush marina to buy six gallons of gasoline.

We puttered around Fishing Bay a while and then headed back to the recommended western entrance to Milford Haven. At this point my depthsounder decided to die. I fiddled with the electrical connections while slowly proceeding along the well marked channel into the harbor. We passed under the bridge and, with the ramp within sight, the depthsounder decided to work as long as I put just the right pressure on the electrical connector. I turned in the direction of the ramp and suddenly the fishfinder read 2'. I put the engine in neutral and sounded manually with my oar (calibrated with paint marks every foot).

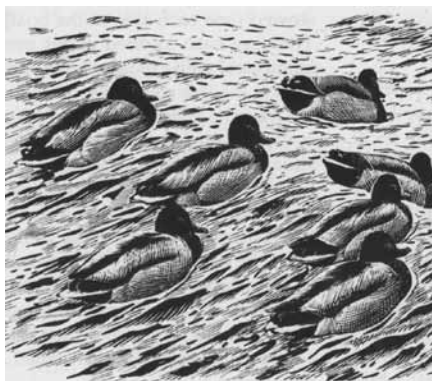
Sure enough, we had found a 2½' deep hard sand bottom! We reversed course back to the channel and went to the next marker before approaching the ramp by the direction that we had left the ramp by earlier in the day. Since this shallow lump is right across from the Coast Guard station, I can imagine the mirth it causes among the Coast Guardsmen when newcomers use the ramp for the first time and ignore the "no wake" limit heading for the western harbor entrance!

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When our children had graduated from college and had started working in their professions, they occasionally brought their current friends home to go sailing with us on a weekend.

Bringing someone who has never sailed to spend a weekend aboard a sailboat suddenly becomes a very meaningful, and a very rigorous, test of compatibility.

Do the newcomers, not really knowing what is happening as sails are set, try to stay out of the way or are they always in the wrong place? Do they become hindrances in the process? Are they observant or are they klutzes?

Do they recognize that space on board is very limited and it behooves them to respect the space of others and to try and fit into the, for them totally unknown, routine on board? Do they fit into such a close working group, or do they demonstrate by their behavior that they "haven't got a clue?"

Are they considerate?

Can they accept that the fact that when sailing the weather can deteriorate, and life in a snug cabin with the companionway hatch closed, rain pounding on the roof and the wind howling in the rigging is not exactly the ideal situation?

Under such adverse conditions, do they still have a sense of humor? Can they make good conversation to pass the hours? What books have they read?

Are they easy to live with?

This becomes a sudden, very nasty, and very revealing test of compatibility and congeniality, and it is far better to discover this now than to get married and find out about these traits later.

While Gerhard was working at a bank in Luxembourg, he brought a new girlfriend along when he came to visit us in Glastonbury, Connecticut. She was a very good looking blond, "stacked" as one used to say to express pulchritude, and "saftig" a tiny bit overweight, but looked great. *Fun Too* had a table that just seated four, but now we were five on board.

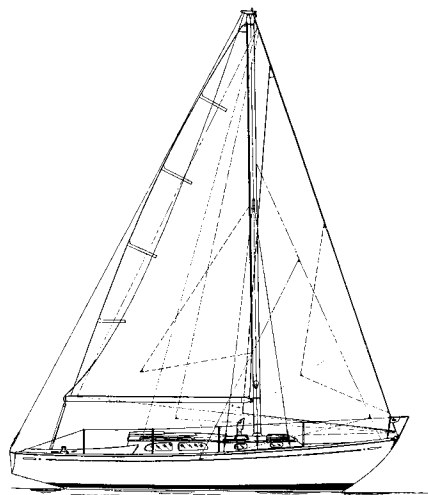
Gerhard's girlfriend sat down on one side, and took her portion of the table out of the middle, spreading herself out as if she owned it all...

As the others sat down, she had to pull in her arms and make herself a bit smaller so that we all could eat dinner together. With five at the table it became a tight squeeze.

When dinner ended and Katharina started doing the dishes, she handed Gerhard's girlfriend a dishtowel so that she could help drying the dishes. She put the dishtowel down, "But I'm on vacation," she said. To which Katharina replied dryly, "...and so am I."

Sailboats and Marriage

By Conbert H. Benneck
chbenneckgsbcglobal.net



During that weekend there were a few more such compatibility indications. She didn't pass the test. The romance ended.

A few years later, when we had bought our Northeast 38 RHE and were sailing in Denmark, Gerhard wanted to go sailing with us.

He drove from Luxembourg City to Kerteminde, Denmark, with his current Luxembourg girlfriend, who had never been on a sailboat before.

Once on board, she made herself as small as possible to stay out of our way and watched what we were doing, analyzing why we did it.

In the main cabin she sat curled up and out of the way in a corner and watched Katharina intently as she prepared dinner, noting where things were stowed, how things were accessed and how boat life worked.

After just a few hours on board she became a fellow crew member, doing her share. She knew where dishes were stowed, where staples were stored, how the stove worked and she started cooking us great meals.

She was a full shipmate with great sense of humor and a very pleasant personality.

They got married a year later and now have three almost adult children. The shipboard compatibility test was very successful.

Hildegard's friend Jeff was another example. Jeff and Hildegard had both been students at Worcester Polytechnic University studying Computer Science.

Hildegard invited Jeff to join us for a sailing weekend.

Jeff, who had never been on a sailboat before was all eyes and full of curiosity about how sailboats worked, about navigation, about weather influences on sailing, "... and what do you do then?" questions.

Jeff got seasick on that first voyage but his love for sailing had been kindled.

Jeff enjoyed sailing so much that he eventually bought the sister ship to our *Fun Too*.

I will recount the story of our delivery trip from Rochester, New York, to Staten Island, New York, of Jeff's new boat in another story.

We had created a passionate sailor out of Jeff and he was a great shipmate, but it didn't result in matrimony.

The "Weekend Sailing Compatibility Test" which covers a 48-hour test period onboard a small vessel is very revealing. Are you just going along for the ride, or do you find that sailing is a new and very interesting experience?

Do you want to learn something about a new sport, and participate?

It highlights facets of a character that the tete-a-tete in a darkened corner of a restaurant, or watching a full moon rise sitting in the front seat of a car can never do.

Space aboard ship is very limited. There is no escaping constant physical contact and the scrutiny of every crew member.

You can close the door of the head, but there is no real privacy, such as you can have at home.

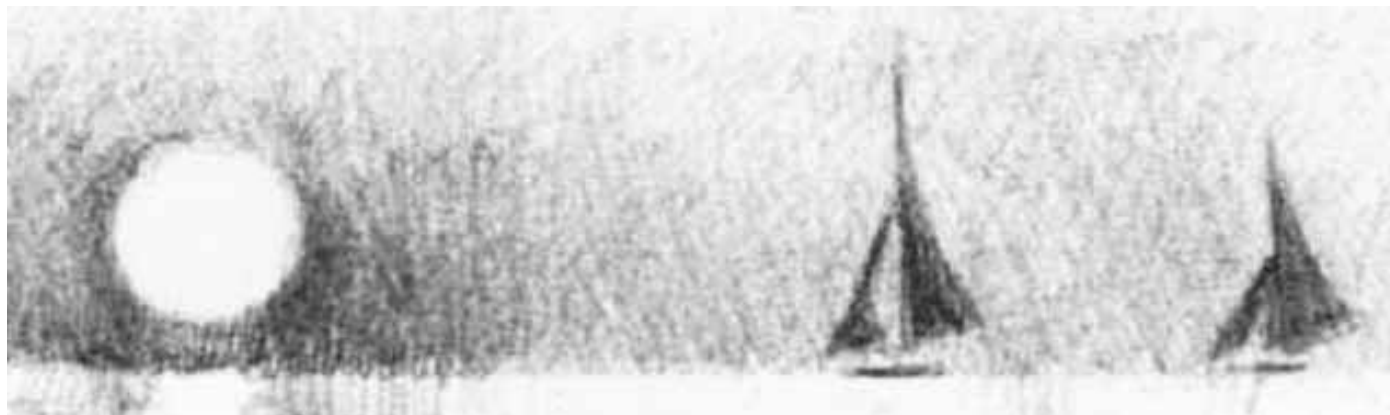
How do you react? Can you accept this new, and for you, totally different situation for the weekend? Are you a good conversationalist? Can you sing along with the others while Katharina, Hildegard or Gerhard play the guitar? Our family loves to sing together. Do you like to sing, too?

Can you cook? Would you like to try to cook dinner for the crew? Do you offer to try doing this in such unusual surroundings? (Major plus points for such a candidate!)

What I have just discussed is also the main reason why people who own sailboats rarely invite "friends" to go sailing. If the friends are non-sailors, do you really want to risk that friendship by spending a weekend with them in very close proximity to one another if they don't know boat routines and have no previous sailing experience?

The normal answer is, no.

Fellow sailors might be invited, but with non-sailors the risk is far too great.



May 2-3: Spring Cruise

Chester River:

Knoll Wharf to Jarrett Creek

10 years of sailing on the *Sanity*.

16 boats launched by 1:30pm, lots of tacking downriver.

Group decided to raft up well short of planned rendezvous, lucky contacts on marine radios gets all of group into Jarrett Creek.

Chatty raftup with ravioli dinner, then break away for the night.

Mast down in anticipation of t-storms, a few off in distance during night.

Saturday morning weather report talks more about the dreaded t-word, high winds.

Sanity takes off before most have stretched out of bed, leaving rest to fend for themselves.

May 23, 24, 25:

Eastern Bay, Shipping Creek, Wye River, Pickering Creek, Warehouse Creek

Enjoyed favorite bagel stop just across the Bay Bridge.

Very pleasant sail across Eastern Bay to Wye River.

Ghosted up the river in relaxing light winds to Pickering Creek.

Mirrorlike water at sunrise... two suns, one a reflection, quickly warms up the 48° air.

Hundreds of boats out on water making for St Michaels... it's the Memorial Day weekend!

"Birdies" all around, deer watching us from shore, full moon.

Summer of '97 on *Sanity*

By Virginia Murphy

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

June 21, 22:

Prospect Bay, Kirwin Creek

Hot and humid, bimini came in handy.

Good winds, a snappy 4 knots all the way.

Kirwin Creek busy with water skiers and PWCs.

Night warm at first but cooled off enough for a good sleep.

Full moon and raspy frog songs.

Morning busy with watermen trotlining for crab.

Ken writes a poem entitled "Thy Gentle Breath" (that follows) while I slept 'til 10!

Thy Gentle Breath...

Asleep, with deep and steady breath,
floating on a gentle sea,
in our little boat.

But you as well may be
flying or running down
a sandy beach...

Or walking with a grandchild,
listening to his talk
of life discovered.

I patiently await then,
to hear your story of a

dream well dreamed and
a moonlit night remembered.

July 11, 12:

Eastern Bay, Woodland Creek

Light winds take us across Eastern Bay on an idyllic Friday afternoon.

Arriving Woodland Creek with lots of day left to watch, read and talk.

The talk is about Bryan, our son, and his engagement to Melissa.

Perfect marine weather forecast ,NO WARNINGS OR ADVISORIES!

Mars 1° from waxing moon.

Awakened by a waterman at 3:55am as he sets his trotline not 30 yards from us.

Great sail back.

August 9, 10:

Eastern Bay, Miles River to Hunting Creek just east of St Michaels

Watermen getting back from their early morning crabbing, talking business, drinking beer at 9am with big bellies to show for it.

Cannot believe our luck, another ideal sail.

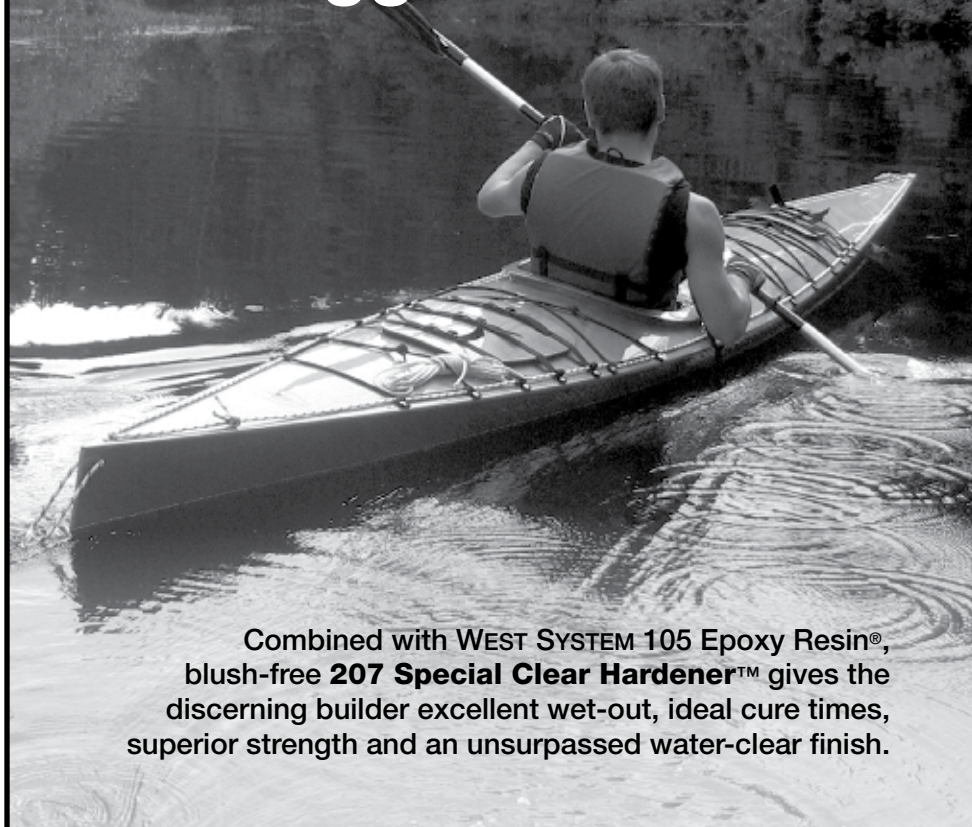
I take charge of the tiller while Ken relaxes.

Sailing very close to wind all the way across Eastern Bay and up the Miles River.

Lovely night punctuated by Ken throwing up at 12:30am (food poisoning, he did the cooking).

Just absolutely another wonderful sail back home, Ken fully recovered after having a good night sleep!

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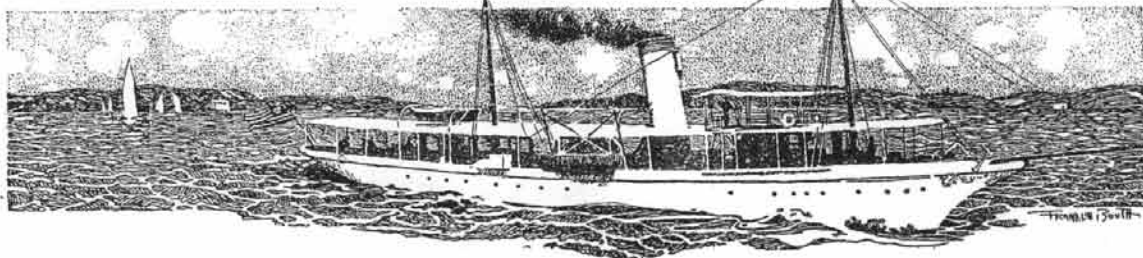


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BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

THE ACME OF MODERN LUXURY IS THE STEAM-YACHT OF THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE—A COSTLY FLOATING PALACE THAT COMBINES THE COMFORTS OF A FIRST-RATE HOTEL, THE RICH DECORATIONS OF A FIFTH AVENUE MANSION, AND THE POWER TO CRUISE AT WILL IN TROPIC SEAS OR IN THE COOL WATERS OF THE NORTH.

THE most costly luxury possible to an American millionaire is the ownership of a sea-going steam-yacht. Even the splendid *gongia* in which concealed oarsmen bore along the waters of the Nile the swarthy Cleopatra, ruler over a despotism of two thousand years ago—even that poetic vessel, compared with the great floating palaces of a twentieth-century democracy, would seem little more pretentious than the canoe of the American aborigine. Nor need we go back so far to find a comparison. Queen Elizabeth, to whom is credited the ownership of the first fairly modern pleasure-ship, to-day would rank in the New York Yacht Club only as the possessor of something akin to a tramp trading lugger.

The Egyptian queen carried on her state barge fourscore oarsmen, a pilot, and two personal attendants. The largest modern steam-yachts require the services of almost as many officers, sailors, and servants as do the Atlantic liners, to which, indeed, outwardly they bear no small resemblance.

The average American, or at least the average New Yorker, knows something of the stupendous luxury with which, in the last few years, some of our very rich men have surrounded themselves. The view of splendid equipages on the avenue or in the park is free to all. So, too, are glimpses through elaborate gateways of wrought-iron and brass. Stately offices, fitted up at the cost of an emperor's cabinet of state, are not entirely in-

accessible either to the anarchist or the merely curious. Gorgeous gowns and dazzling diamonds are on view three nights in the week, during the season, in the parterre of the Metropolitan Opera House. But very few outsiders have any definite idea of the combination of comfort and splendor to be found on board the ocean-going yachts of American multi-millionaires.

THE COST OF MODERN LUXURY.

There are other costly luxuries, of course. Not long ago one of our rich men paid a hundred thousand dollars for the Dido tapestries, taken from the Barberini Palace. Another, a famous captain of industry, gave half a million for a single Flemish tapestry once the property of Cardinal Mazarin. Several gentlemen with more money than is actually required to keep the wolf from the door have subscribed to an edition of Dickens that is to cost each of them considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars. But the difference between such luxuries as these and the ownership of a steam-yacht is that once the former are paid for, the expense ceases, whereas in the case of a yacht it has only commenced.

Such vessels as W. K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant*, J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, John Jacob Astor's *Nourmahal*, Mrs. Robert Goelet's *Nahma*, and Anthony J. Drexel's *Margarita*, cost, to build, all the way from half a million to a full million of dollars. Figures, it has been remarked, were invented only that we

OUR FLEET OF FLOATING FORTUNES.

might find out how much we owe, or how much some one owes us. In either case they are fatiguing, and most people, if they could afford it, would rather pay their own yachting bills than learn the amount of other people's. Nevertheless, it may be of interest to state, briefly, that while one of the larger steam-yachts is in commission—say from four to seven months in the year—the cost of maintenance will run from ten thousand dollars a month to thrice as much. This, of course, includes entertaining, which, in fact, is the main purpose of a yacht. It is, in reality, merely a floating house-party, with many advantages over the ordinary one ashore, but with the disadvantage that, if you're bored, it is not so easy to arrange for a convenient telegram calling you back to town on pressing business.

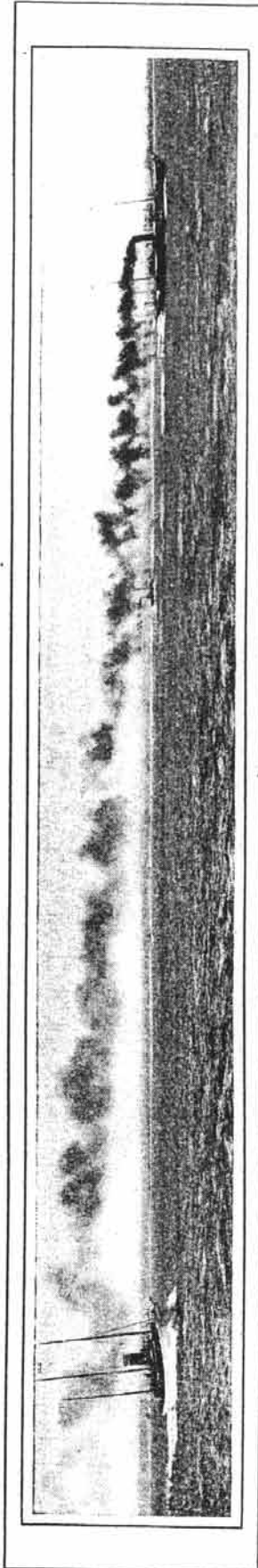
HOUSEKEEPING ON A STEAM-YACHT.

Closely following this item of expense is the more prosaic one of coal. The householder who groans when he has to pay for a dozen tons in the course of a winter may find it difficult to grasp the fact that during a deep sea voyage the larger yachts consume eighty tons a day, and half that amount even on an ordinary cruise. For the season, twenty-five thousand dollars is not an impossible coal bill. Wages, including a five-thousand-dollar skipper, fifty sailors, an engineering force of ten or twelve, electricians, a chef, waiters, and cabin and other servants, will run up to something like fifteen thousand dollars. For a six months' cruise, providing you do not entertain too many crowned heads, you may escape with a total expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars, or perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand.

Not, however, if the yacht is not your own. In that case the expense will be materially increased—as may be gathered from the single fact that when C. B. Alexander chartered Mr. Drexel's *Margarita* he paid for its use something like fifteen thousand dollars a month. This chartering of yachts is quite customary. The practise is due to two causes—the monotony of an entire year on board ship, and, even when the yacht is fitted with a wireless telegraphic appliance, the desire of the average American millionaire to spend much of his time in close personal touch with his business or financial affairs. Thus one summer Charles M. Schwab chartered Francis L. Leland's *Safa-el-Bahr* ("Joy of the Sea"), originally owned by the Khedive of Egypt; and the same season George J. Gould used the British steam yacht *Tauros*, which under the name of the *Eros* was once the property of one of the Rothschilds.

ON BOARD OF A FLOATING PALACE.

So much for mere cost. But in this world one may spend a great deal of money and fail to secure its equivalent in comfort or in luxury. Let us satisfy ourselves, therefore, as to what the interior of a million-dollar steam-yacht is like. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Drexel, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Astor, Mr. Gould, and others—or, more truthfully, since



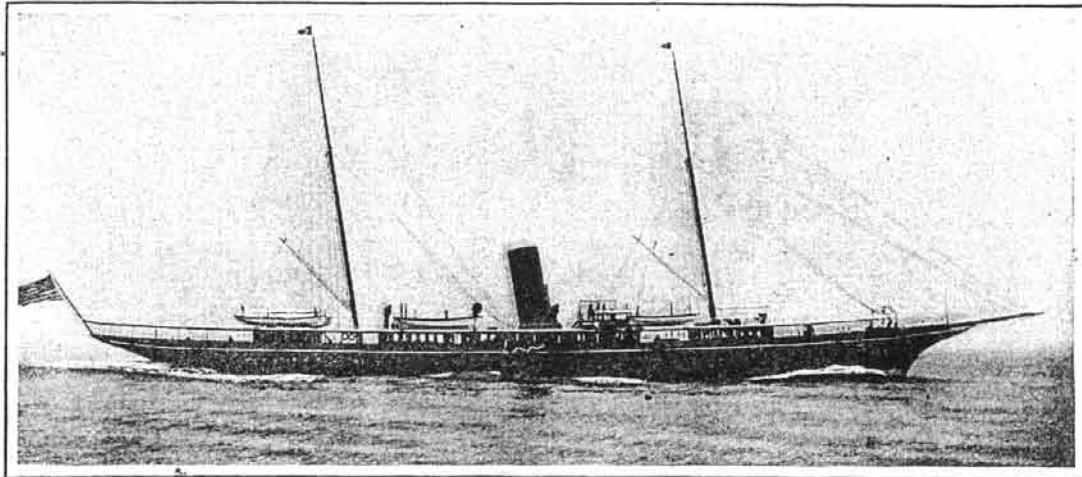
THE START OF LAST YEAR'S RACE FOR THE LYSISTRATA CUP, OFFERED BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT AS A CHALLENGE TROPHY FOR STEAM YACHTS—THE PRIZE HAS TWICE BEEN WON BY THE KANAWHA, OWNED BY H. H. ROGERS, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Burton, New York.

they know nothing of our visit—may I show you over the Margarita, the Dreamer, and their other vessels?

In the Margarita we have a vessel rated among the five or six largest pleasure ships in the world, exceeded only by W. K. Vanderbilt's Valiant, the German Emperor's Hohenzollern, the British royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, and possibly one or two others. Descending the Drexel boat's wide main stairway of Spanish mahogany, and passing at its

Lewis Cass Ledyard, a recent commodore of the New York Yacht Club—an odd change of ownership, when one recalls Mr. Lawson's bitter disagreement with New York yachtsmen over an international race of not so long ago. The vessel is notable, among other points, for its inviting sun-deck, its mahogany dining-room with an elaborately carved buffet, and the golden oak library, over whose fireplace Mr. Lawson was wont to keep some huge tankards made from



THE CORSAIR, OWNED BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN, WHICH COST HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, AND IS FAMOUS AS ONE OF THE FINEST STEAM-YACHTS AFLOAT—IN 1899 THE CORSAIR WAS FLAGSHIP OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S FLEET.

From a photograph by Burton, New York.

foot a formidable stand of rifles, we enter upon the chief beauties of the yacht. Here we find the drawing-room, extending the full width of the ship, ceiling and walls in white-enameled hardwood, the furniture in Louis XV style, a white marble fire-place at one end, at the other an escritoire decorated by world-famed artists. From here we pass to the library, notable for splendid rugs and ivory carvings in addition to generous bookcases. This leads us to the dining-hall, in the Chippendale style, flooded with softened light from a dome of leaded glass. We may lounge for a moment in the Turkish smoking-room, with tiger-skins on its polished floor, its walls and ceiling studded with electric lights; pass through a dainty parlor in white and gold, with hangings and rugs of red; peep into the bedroom of the mistress of the yacht, which is finished in Louis XV style, and into her boudoir, in that of Louis XVI; and so on through the rest of this floating bit of fairyland.

So, too, we may view and marvel at the luxury visible on what was once Thomas W. Lawson's Dreamer, now owned by

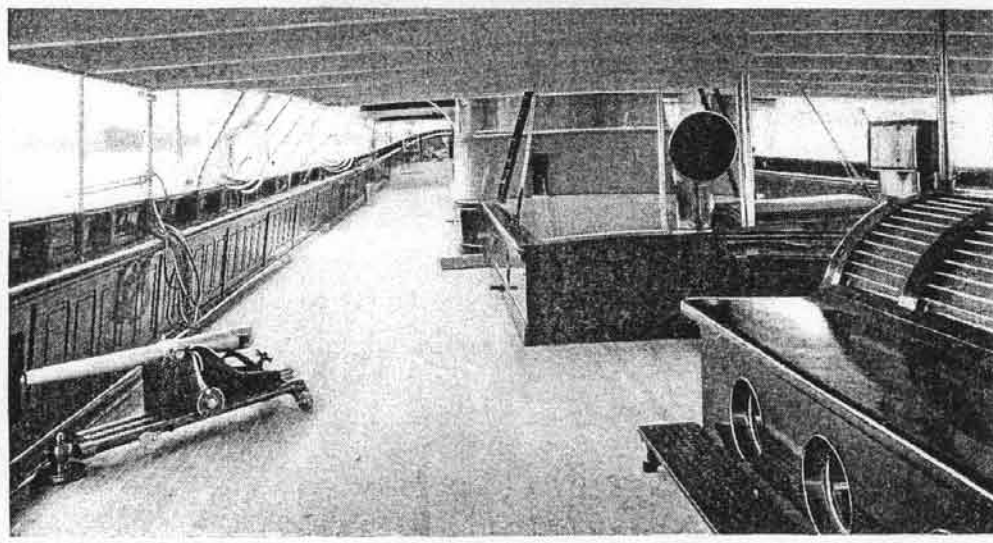
elephants' tusks and valued at eight thousand dollars.

AN INVENTORY OF LUXURY.

Do you care to go farther and visit other palatial yachts? Even luxury may pall. Let it suffice, therefore, to say that several of these American steam-yachts are furnished throughout with the magnificence and almost the roominess of a Fifth Avenue mansion. Everywhere are fine pieces of woodwork, costly bric-à-brac, rare rugs, ivory, and statuary, everywhere a lavish yet tasteful showing of riches and richness. Many have a second dining-room for children, with all the furniture especially designed for the little fellows, and, as well, a nursery and a children's gymnasium.

On board these craft we find, moreover, numerous bath rooms, many rooms for guests, rooms for maids, valets, and stewards, rooms for petty officers, and firemen, and quarters for a crew sometimes numbering nearly a hundred men. Also we may visit perfectly appointed kitchens; look over the electric and ice plants, and the appar-

OUR FLEET OF FLOATING FORTUNES.



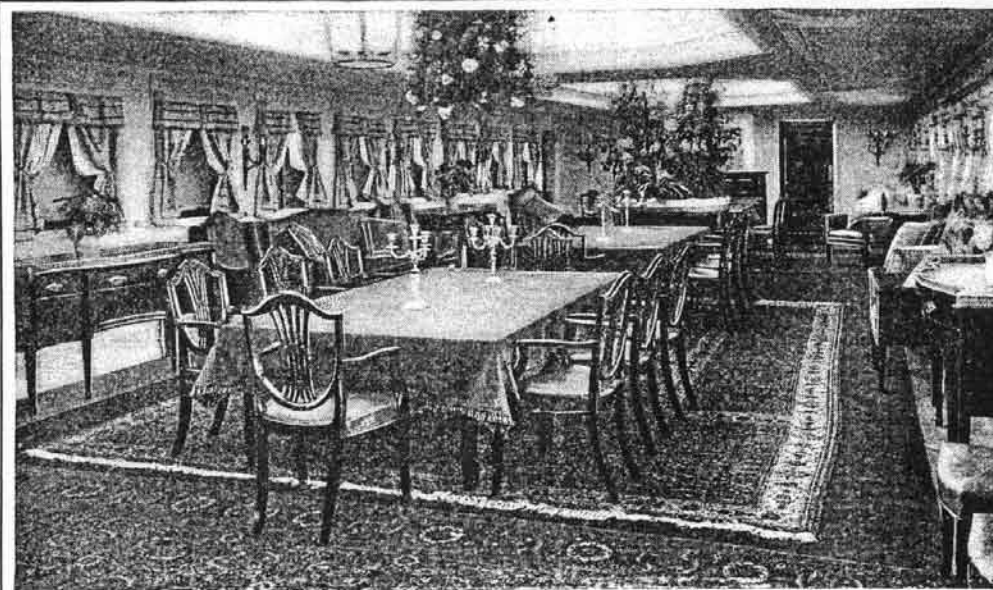
THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE NOURMAHAL, OWNED BY COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, OF NEW YORK
—THE PROPORTIONS OF THIS FINE YACHT ARE ALMOST THOSE OF AN OCEAN LINER.

ratus by which the yachts are heated by steam, in addition to the cozy grate fires used during winter cruises; and examine the rapid-fire guns, the rifles, and army revolvers—for these ships of pleasure are fully prepared for emergencies that may arise even in this prosaic century when one steers into out-of-the-way waters.

THE GROWTH OF THE STEAM FLEET.

All this splendor and completeness is

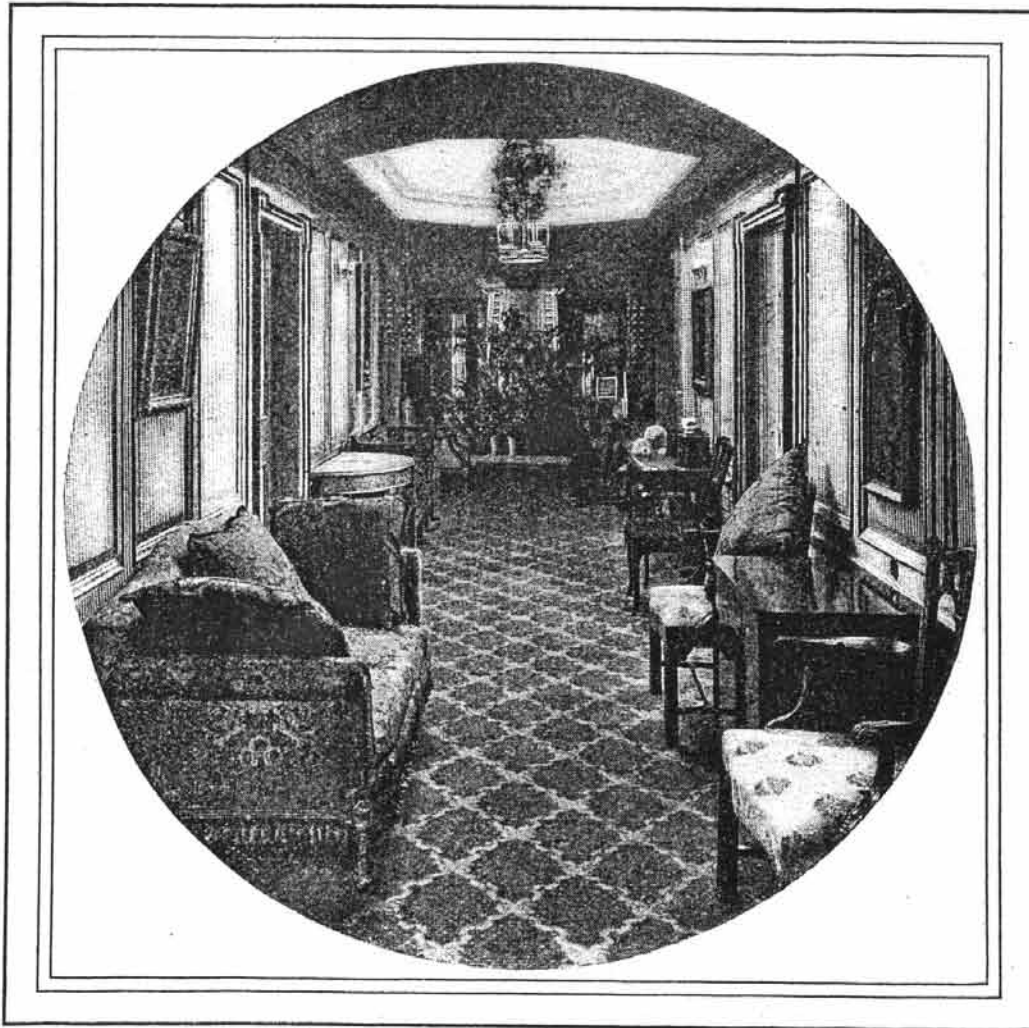
a strictly modern development, the product of a surprisingly brief period. The steam-yacht in America has a history extending back a bare quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago the New York Yacht Club boasted but two boats propelled by steam; to-day it has something like two hundred. In the list are several superb twin-screw steamers that can cross the Atlantic in about eight days. Perhaps two hundred steam-yachts of va-



THE DINING-HALL OF THE NOURMAHAL, A ROOM WHOSE AIRY AND COMFORTABLE LOOK SUGGESTS A COUNTRY MANSION RATHER THAN AN OCEAN-GOING VESSEL.

rious sizes and types are constructed each year in the United States. Many are used by their owners chiefly in making the run between New York and their summer homes on the Hudson or the Sound—a princely way of going to the day's toil that may well dazzle the imagination of

In this rapid development of the most costly form of luxury, woman has had an active and an intelligent part. Three women are graduates of the New York Nautical College: Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Howard Gould, and Mrs. Charles T. Parker, the last-named being the pos-



ON BOARD OF KING EDWARD'S ROYAL YACHT, THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT—A CORRIDOR ON THE MAIN DECK.

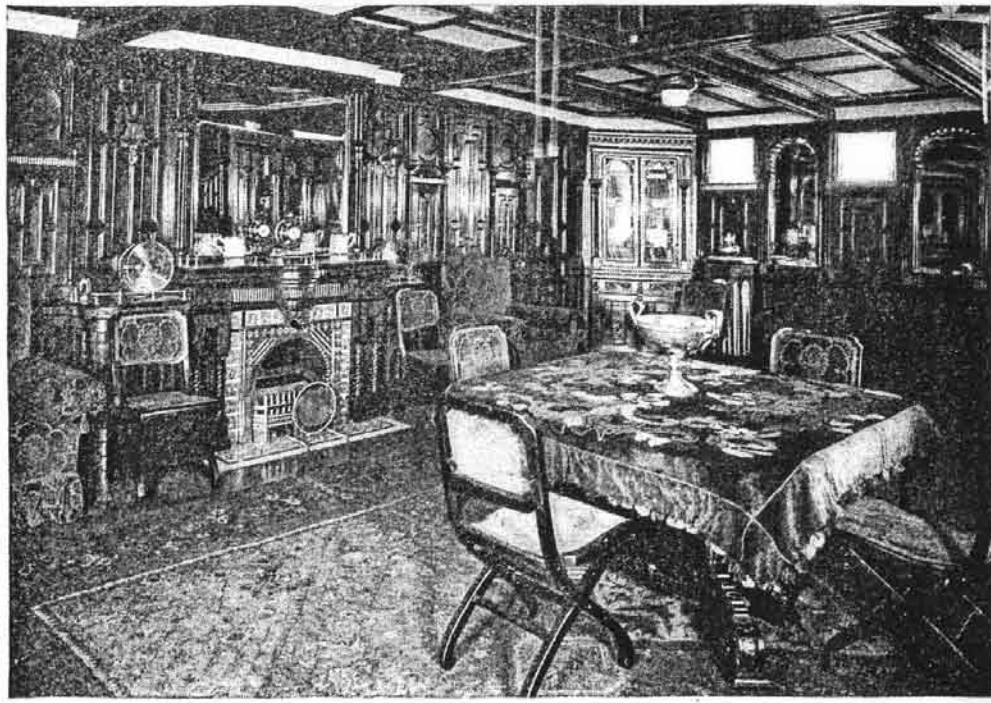
From a photograph by Russell, Southsea.

the commuter or the patron of the elevated railroad.

These are chiefly the comparatively small vessels, of a hundred feet or less in length. Nevertheless, each year sees a lessening of the once universal rule of purchasing abroad the large sea-going vessels like the one that I have described. True, the *Margarita*, one of the most palatial of all, came from Scotland; but the *Corsair*, the *Dreamer*, the *Nourmahal*, and the yachts of Frank Jay Gould and others are the work of American ship-builders.

essor also of a master's license—the first woman, or at any rate the first American woman, to receive such a document. As a bachelor girl Mrs. Parker, then Susan de Forest Day, was widely famed as the commander of her steam-yacht *Scythian*. Mrs. James W. Martinez Cardeza, of Philadelphia, is the owner of the large and luxurious *Eleanor*, a steam-yacht costing a quarter of a million dollars, and with furnishings and equipment worth twice as much more. She never discharges her crew or puts the vessel out of commission. From one end of the year to

OUR FLEET OF FLOATING FORTUNES.



ON BOARD OF KING EDWARD'S ROYAL YACHT, THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT—THE KING'S DINING SALOON.

From a photograph by Russell, Southsea.

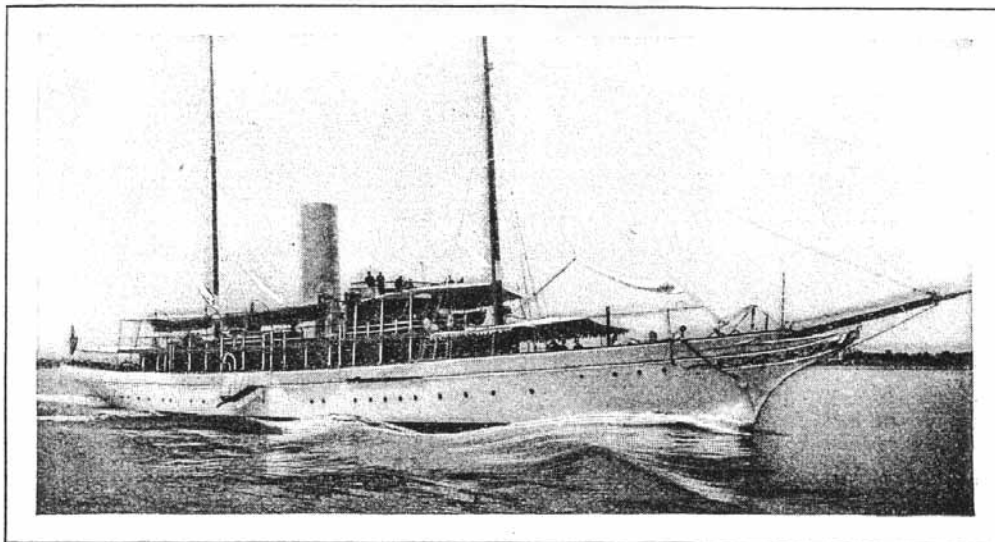
the other the yacht is ready to sail at a moment's notice, and the engagement of every one on board is permanent.

THE STEAM-YACHT NOT A RACING MACHINE.

In view of the increasing number of these vessels, and of the fact that they are owned by the richest sportsmen of half a dozen countries, it may be surprising to some that steam-yacht racing has found so little favor in America. The late Jay Gould earnestly desired to bring such contests about, and in 1887 he presented to the American Yacht Club a magnificent cup for competition. The prize has never been sailed for, nor has a twelve-thousand-dollar international challenge cup that remains in possession of the club. It was only last summer that anything was done in this field of sport, a cup offered by James Gordon Bennett being won off Newport by H. H. Rogers' fine twin-screw boat, the Kanawha, which defeated the Noma, owned by W. B. Leeds. The race, which formed a prominent feature of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise, was an interesting one despite the small number of entries, the Kanawha's time over the sixty-mile course being three hours and three minutes, and the Noma's four minutes more.

A second contest for the trophy, which is called the Lysistrata Cup, was held off Sandy Hook on the 18th of last June. There were only two competitors, the Kanawha and F. M. Smith's Hauoli, and the former reasserted her supremacy, winning a sixty-mile race—thirty miles to seaward and return—by the margin of three minutes and a half. Both boats made excellent speed, the victor logging just twenty knots an hour, the loser only a fraction less.

As a matter of fact, the steam-yacht is not, and never will be, primarily a racing machine. The owner of one of these costly craft seldom cares to risk straining its machinery in a speed contest; and moreover, the spirit of such a boat is something entirely different. It is the apotheosis of hospitality. An American never becomes so near a monarch as when he stands on the deck of his own ocean-going vessel. It is only on board these vessels that Americans have been the hosts and, for the time, the acknowledged equals of European sovereigns. Off Syracuse, in Sicily, Mrs. Robert Goelet on the Nahma recently entertained the German emperor. That monarch also was Howard Gould's guest on board the Niagara while in Norwegian



THE EMERALD, A HANDSOME AND SPEEDY STEAM-YACHT CHARTERED BY GEORGE J. GOULD, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Burton, New York.

waters, and last spring he was received for the second time by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt on board the North Star.

THE TOY OF THE FORTUNATE FEW.

In a greater or less degree, almost any other form of luxury is within the hopes or possibilities of the average citizen. But the great ocean-going steam-yacht, with its enormous initial cost and its formidable expense for maintenance, must ever remain for the fortunate few. The day will never come when it can be

bought on the instalment plan or found on the Monday morning bargain-counter.

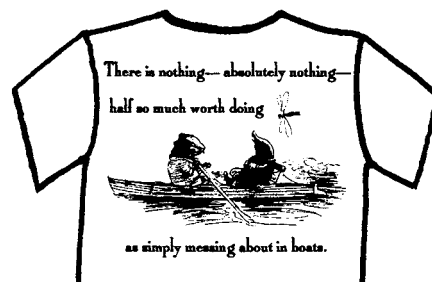
But to him that can afford it, it is worth every penny of the cost. To steam from out the icy Hudson and cruise with a congenial party into the tropic harbors of the West Indies; in summer to steal up through the cool, dark waters of the land of the midnight sun; or again in winter to rest off Monte Carlo or Algiers, playing the host or the recluse as you will—in such an existence wealthy idleness finds its nearest approach to an earthly paradise.

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I never should have said, or written, a word about it. Please don't tell anyone that I did. After all that pretty talk about our wonderful early spring, in a previous "Chronicle," I fully expected to have the C&L in the water by now. Maybe even have a good yarn to tell about how good she goes in her new cruising ground.

Well, booga-booga! That early spring weather quickly degenerated into weeks of cold, wet, gloomy weather...the kind of weather we hate even in late March and/or early April. What many Bluenosers call "Juneuary."

So, the rigging-the-canoe-for-rowing project is still in abeyance, though the design (Revision No. 4) is coming along nicely (in my head). The tandem kayak is still hanging from the garage rafters, like some alien spacecraft. I haven't even gotten the 2013 registration decal on the boat trailer's license plate yet, though I did remember to renew the registration.

And, here we are, the 20th day of the sixth month of 2013, as I write, and the C&L is still under its winter cover! This is borderline depressing.

Hey, all you climate-change skeptics... have we got your attention yet?!? This is not normal! Get this "global warming" idea out of your heads; it's not going to be "Oh boy, Southern California weather all the time everywhere." It's going to be much crappier weather everywhere the weather was already crappy, and too much of a "good thing" everywhere else.

Big mistake: the climatologists should have called this something way more alarming, like "Global Climactic Chaos," or "Global Meteorological Armageddon," or "Worrisome Weather Woes," just about anything but "Global Warming." It's hard to convince winter-hating temperate-latitude dwellers that global warming might actually be a bad thing. Probably be a lot easier in Bangladesh, which, in geological time, is soon going to look like Venice, without the fancy architecture. But I digress...

We do have a new anchor rode, with a thimble neatly spliced on by no less a personage than Delbée Comeau, former 1st Officer of *Bluenose II* and Commodore of the Meteghan Marina Association. The rode is 160' of 1/2" three-strand nylon line, shackled to a Bruce anchor that was originally purchased for use with a John Atkin Blue Bird, a boat of about five times the displacement of the *Ellie-Xander*. This is a lot like getting Michelangelo to whitewash my chicken house, except he wouldn't have done it for free. (Thanks, Del.) So, it's not as if there's been no progress, but I'd really hoped to be further along than this. Much further along.

We're going to try sailing the C&L without a motor for the first season...or until the first time we find ourselves desperately wishing we had a motor. Auxiliary propulsion will be an oar working in a sculling notch on the stern. Of course, the sculling notch is a yet-to-be-fabricated item. (A-r-r-r-r-g-h!)

Given that our intention is to spend most of our time sailing in water so shallow that we'll be able to see the bottom, 160' probably sounds like a lot of anchor line for a 16' 350lb boat. It happens that the place where I work had a spool of nylon line with that much on it, so I just grabbed the whole thing. (Gotta love an employee discount.)

I'm pretty sure hardly anyone has come to grief from putting out too long a scope;

St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 7 Spring

Apparently, I Jinxed It

By Ernie Cassidy
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca

usually, it's the other way around. Once I've decided out how much of that 160' is surplus to requirements, I'm sure I'll find something useful to do with the excess line.

Same idea with the big Bruce anchor. I have a cute little 'lunch hook' I can toss out if we want to stop and have a cup of tea and some cookies. That will always be ready to deploy at a moment's notice. The 'storm anchor' will be kept stowed, way forward (the better to balance the weight of the crew in the stern), available for use when caught in extremis.

I've already written a bit about the conditions we can encounter out on the Bay. The receding tide can run at up to 7 knots, if we get far enough out from the shore, fog can catch us up faster than we can usually get home under sail, and the wind speed can increase alarmingly, and suddenly, on any given day, often on the turn of the tide, or drop away to nothing almost as quickly.

Given all that, I want to know I can "park" the boat and be certain she'll stay put while we stow the jib, reef the main, wait out the fog, or decide a short nap might be more pleasant than sculling home against a foul stream. So, we've got the big hook ready to go. But, the boat is still under the winter cover.

It hasn't been just the weather. I'm still something of a working stiff, as an estimator for a local building supplies vendor. Until a few weeks ago, I was a working stiff with a shorter than average work week, but that's still five days a week. Unfortunately, our senior materials estimator had a coronary incident. On further examination, the doctors informed him that as long as he was already at the high-zoot big-city hospital, it might be a good idea to sign him up for double by-pass surgery. In fact, they pretty much insisted on it, if he had any wish to celebrate another birthday. So, we've lost him for about two months, for sure, and maybe longer. (I strongly suspect that the surgeon is going to tell him not to come back for any 'warranty work' unless he loses the cigarettes and about 90lbs. Considering the cranky frame of mind that will put him in, it might not be so bad if he's not back for two months.)

Not that I'm suggesting that he did that just to spoil my summer, but it has resulted in my shorter than normal work week getting a bit longer again. And, I'm now working every second Saturday, instead of every third, and I actually worked the last three consecutive Saturdays. So, shop time has been hard to come by. Generation Gap band rehearsals have become a bit spotty, too. But I digress...

Our original goal was to have the boat in the water about a day after they put the floats in at the Meteghan Marina. This finally happened on Sunday, June 8. I am still amazed that there IS a Meteghan Marina, having mentioned in an earlier "Chronicle" that, because so many people on the French shore work on the water, they're usually happier going to a camp in the woods to recreate than going back out on the water. However, there are a few recreational boaters, and there is a

marina. Google this, if you don't believe me: www.meteghanmarina.ca. There are photos.

The Marina can accommodate up to 26 Marina Association member boats up to 40' overall length. If you've a hankering to come visit, there are a couple of "guest" berths. The fee for overnights is \$20 per night; no charge for a brief stop. Fuel is available, and there's a food market and a Tim Horton's coffee shop within reasonable walking distance.

The plan had been to get the 14 floats attached to the main dock the previous Wednesday, but we couldn't because the boom truck's computer was down. Let me repeat that: the boom truck's computer was down. Boom trucks now come equipped with a computer. Who knew? It might be more accurate to say that boom trucks are now afflicted with a computer, because, if the computer isn't working, the boom truck can't pick up my hat. No manual override.

Okay, I know; it's a safety thing. And an environmental thing. I suppose too many boom trucks have ended up on the bottom of too many harbors, which is certainly not fun for the operators. I understand. But, there's a place in me that wonders, "Is this progress? Shouldn't it have a back-up computer?!?" But I digress...

So, we gathered, for a second time, on Sunday, to put the floats in. Couple of hours of easy work, since the boom truck literally does all the heavy lifting. Float assignments were handed around (based on boat size, type, and seniority in the Association). Boats began moving in that same day. Alas, not our boat.

You might be wondering why it takes a boom truck to put the floats in, the very word suggesting something relatively light. Actually, they're not that light. There's a lot of lumber and hardware in a 14'x4' float.

And then there's that much-lamented (by the recreational boaters) Fundy tide range, which is what makes the whole marina thing such a blessing; our boating enjoyment is not held hostage to the tide, as it is in most of the other harbors on the Bay. At low tide, the main floating dock is about three stories below the parking lot where the floats are stored for the winter. The ramp from the parking lot to the floating dock ends up at about the angle of repose of loose gravel. Hand-bombing the floats down to the dock is not a realistic option. Hence the boom truck. The computer-dependant boom truck.

Well, vast heaving...we got 'er done. And there's our spot: north side of the third float on the right. Sadly, as I may have mentioned, the *Ellie-Xander* is still under her winter cover.

A-r-r-r-r-g-h!



Messing About in Boats, August 2013 – 29

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

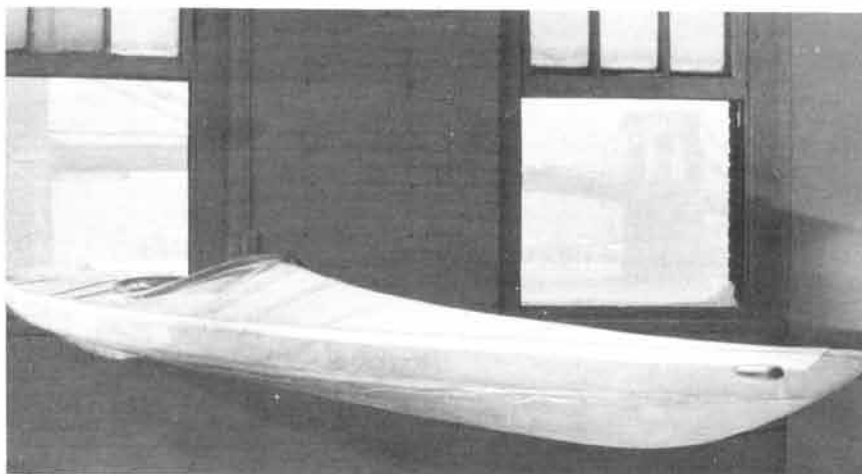


Don Betts' Kayak Creations

One of the sea kayaks I paddled earliest was a wood/canvas one built for Gail Ferris by Don Betts of Brooklyn, NY. It was on a visit to the Boston Harbor Islands that I had the chance to paddle the unprepossessing craft. It felt "right", somehow, even to my very limited level of experience. Since then I've seen Don's work evolve, for he's a creative sort of person who just cannot keep on doing more of the same.

Now in the mail arrives a selection of photos of his latest efforts along with a short note. Don's livelihood is a photographic business in Brooklyn, right down by the East River a few blocks from the Brooklyn Bridge. He also builds his kayaks at his photo loft. Don's latest creations are long, slender, very light kayaks of wood framing and fabric covering. Here are his comments on what he's doing:

A 17' wooden hull in the shop early on a January evening.

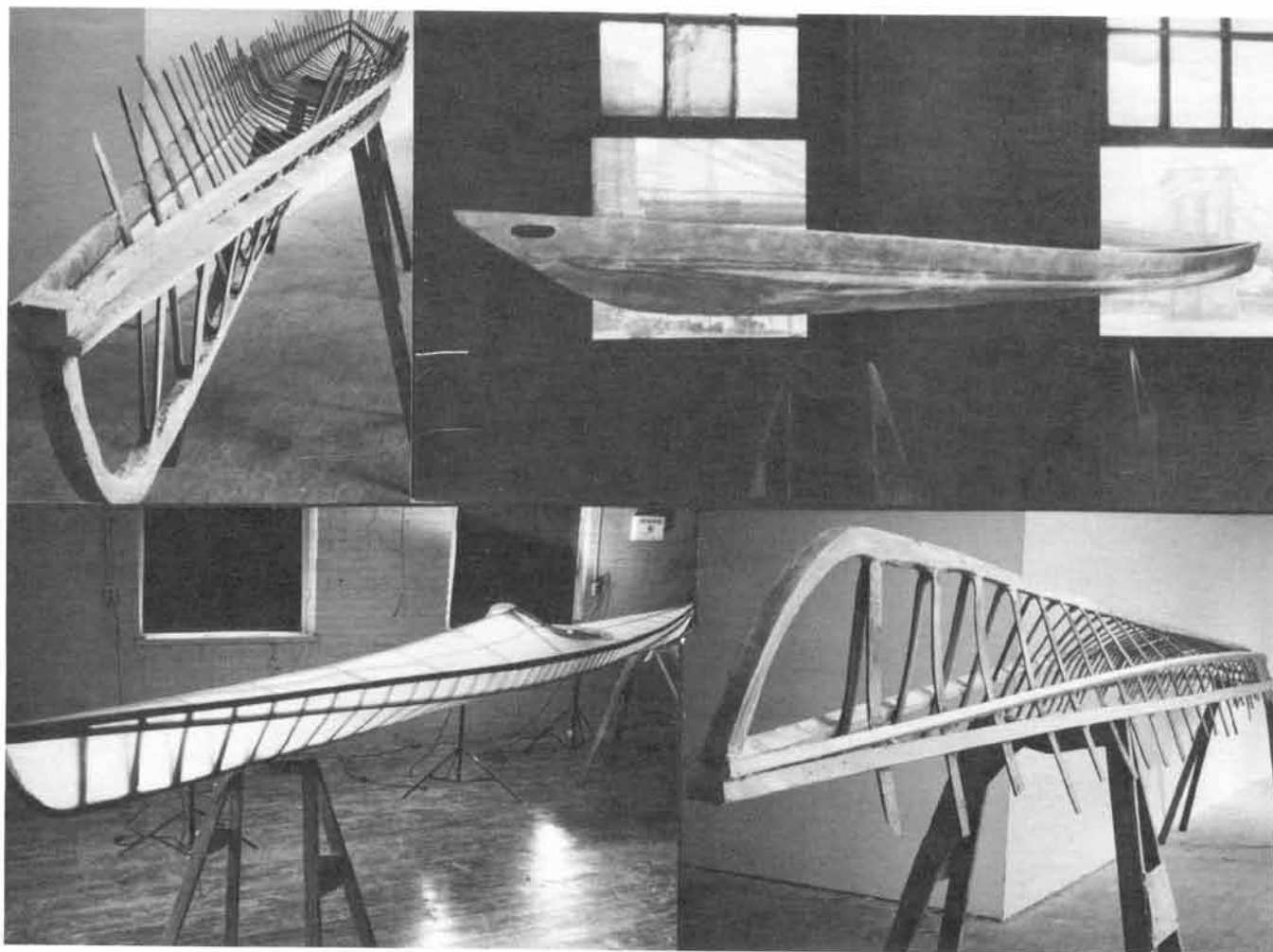


"Work gets in the way of boat-building, but the boats keep multiplying here, 204' of decked boats now built since 1982, about 40' of canoes and skiffs.

The present fabric boats are fun to make. I just put stringers and gunwales about where they look good on a 2"x6" strongback with outside patterns-frames, steam and bend ribs, clamp in place while hot, allow them to dry a few days and then glue the 250 joints with a little epoxy and clamp. Then I glue in deck framing, machine sew one seam and ends of skin, and then hand sew one long seam in place, sew and glue to cockpit rim, and shrink in place and coat with spar varnish. This takes about 40 hours of work, the 17' and 19' boats both weigh under 20 pounds. I'll see how they last, but I have an order for another one in hand.

The small person kayak pictured awaits its skin, it's the third one I've built since last fall. A kayaking couple is having a pair of boats built right now for this summer. I fit all this in when my photography business allows."

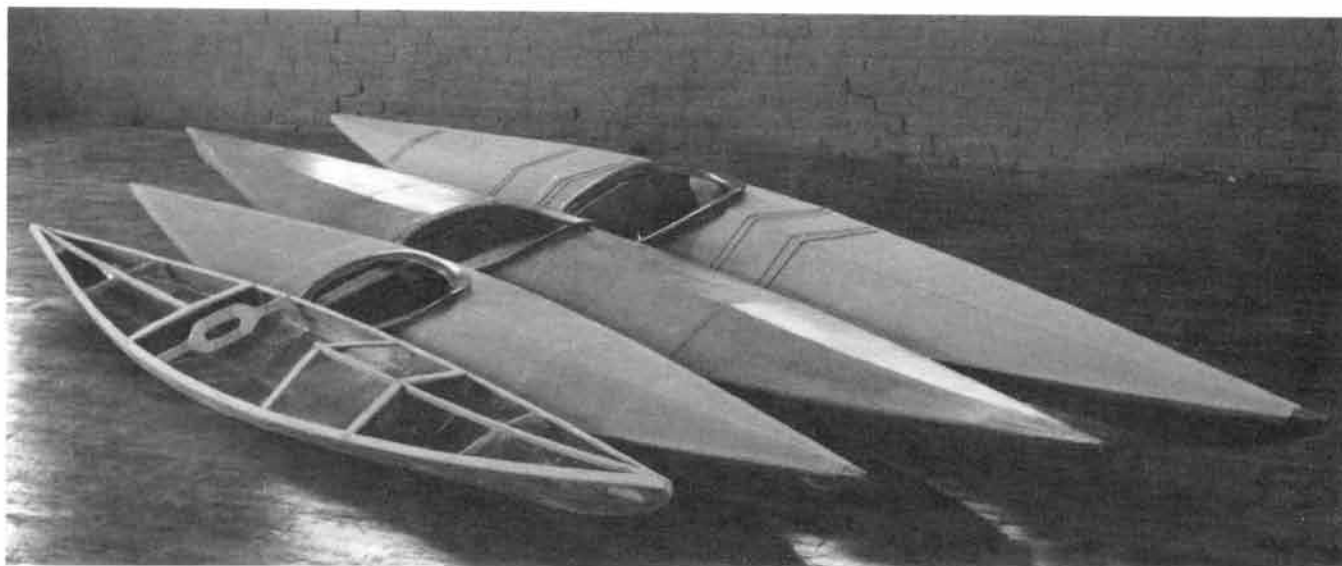
If you find Don's creations of interest, you can call him days at (718) 643-1688 or write to him at Horizon Photographics, 135 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, NY 11201.



Don's kayaks look a lot like "prehistoric" fossils with the "ribs" and "spines" so visible, particularly in the fabric covered boats. Top left, a frame in process. Top right, the lines of a finished boat, all done "by eye" until it "looks right". Bottom left, backlighting gives this fabric covered boat an eerie look. Bottom right, that frame inverted.

Centerspread overleaf: On the East River, a modern day re-creation of a historic watercraft with the historic Brooklyn Bridge as background.

Below, a "family" of Don's boats. The 10' child's model awaits deck covering, it weighs 12 pounds. The 12' model weighs 15 pounds, the 14'11" model weighs 20 pounds, the 17' model weighs 26 pounds. How light can one get?





Two views of Don Betts' 26' gunning dory with its designer builder. The building forms for the class can be seen in the dory, now serving as a trailer to bring them home to Bristol.

Don Betts Today

By Bob Hicks

A quarter century has passed since we published the article on the preceding pages and Don is still at it doing original things with small boats. He moved on from those early kayak creations pictured 25 years ago into the New York City youth programs set up to involve inner city kids in building (in store fronts) and rowing replicas of the indigenous New York Harbor Whitehalls. Those programs carry on successfully today on the New York City waterfront.

Don has since relocated from Brooklyn to Bristol, Rhode Island (Herreshoff country), where he has carried on building and using traditional types of multi-oared rowing craft. We got to see his latest in late May when he stopped by enroute home to Bristol from a New Hampshire weekend boat building class in which a half dozen novice builders put together the basic hulls for four of Don's super stretched 26' gunning dories for a Rockland, Maine, rowing program.

June 6

Big day this Friday and Saturday, preparing for the Tag Sale. Rain is in the forecast so we are going to need to really get the shop set up for the influx of people. Bruce will also be with us Friday to get us moving along on the *Nina* so this will be a very busy evening. Bruce will not be able to lead the *Nina* project as he will be involved with a Herreshoff restoration in Bristol RI at the Bristol Boat Co. Here's a link: <http://bristol-boatcompany.com/>

Don't forget the Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport June 28-30. Many thanks are due Bill Rutherford for taking charge for our chapter's involvement this year, more to follow.

June 13

The Tag Sale was a success despite the nasty weather. Thanks to John Symons for being the point man this year on Tag Sale arrangements and to all of you who donated items and helped to set up. We enjoyed coffee brewed by Sandy D'espo, bagels and doughnuts brought by Phil Behney and John Symons while a steady flow of bargain hunters perused our treasures. The sale was held inside due to rainy and windy conditions.

Bill Armitage and myself put the shop back in order Monday afternoon so work can continue on *Nina*, we also piled the leftovers on a table so everyone please take home your items that did not sell.

The next big event is the Small Craft Workshop held in conjunction with the Wooden Boat Show at Mystic Seaport Museum. Click on this link for more details or talk to Bill Rutherford who has done a great job representing our chapter this year. <http://www.mysticseaport.org/event/small-craft-workshop/>

Our chapter will be making our dories and the *Susan Holland* available for the Workshop this year so let's make sure these boats are shipshape. The *Susan Holland*, a Cheticamp 19 built in Nova Scotia, is a stretched version of John Gardner's *Green Machine*, which is a Herreshoff design that

John Gardner Chapter TSCA News

www.tscanet/johngardner
By Phil Behney



John Gardner built at the Seaport in 1981. Here is a picture of the *Susan Holland* on the beach of Pine Island Groton CT.

(The background vessel is one of the Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club's Freshet-Class (1-2-3 station) boats, designed by Jon Persson. I rowed the *Susan Holland* when she was enroute to New York coming down from Nova Scotia...under the Baldwin Bridge in Saybrook, Connecticut. John Stratton).

June 20

We will be having our usual Friday night boatbuilding, hot dog grilling, and discussion at 6:30 pm so come on down and take in the beautiful Avery Point scenery. The *Nina* project is stuck at the stem and transom steps. George is working the transom and Sandy and I are working on getting the right piece of oak for the stem, as soon as these two steps are complete we can move forward on fairing the molds, installing chines etc. so let's get on board and get the job done!

June 24, 2013

Friday's progress was good thanks to help from Bruce Cressar. These photos illustrate our progress Sandy instructing Weston on how to sharpen chisels.

I plan to move boats to the Mystic Seaport Thursday evening at 6:30pm for the weekend's Small Craft Workshop. I will be rowing the *Susan Holland* and at

least two dories, rowing the boats down and return to the cars on foot. This will be repeated Sunday evening after the events. Anyone who wishes to join me just show up at Mystic Shipyard

In other news I am planning on joining a trip on July 27 sponsored by the New London Maritime Society to Fishers Island for a talk and exhibit on the construction of the Race Rock Lighthouse via the New London ferry. <http://www.nlmaretimesociety.org/calendar.html>. There is a 12 person limit, I have 5 people so far who have said they will go.





Steve towing his canoe landing dock home with some hitchhikers riding along.



Jim's boat is looking like a real boat these days, turns out that this is the one that attracts the most interest from visitors. It's a boat that looks like one you'd actually use once in a while.



Museum John just can't stay away from *Helen Marie*. He jumps in for a ride every chance he gets. We all agree that this may really be the best boat in the world, it as easy as getting in a car, cranking up and driving off for a spin around the block.

Mark from California finally sent pictures of the boat under sail that he designed and built. This is the one that has a really long daggerboard and deep rudder. He says it's a dream to sail, dream hell, if was here in good old Florida it would be impossible, what with our knee deep waters.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Summer at the Tiki Hut

My computer has been out for a while getting rid of a virus that some kind person thought I'd enjoy so I haven't been able to keep up with happenings around here. It came back all fixed up with a few strange things on it, including some differences in the email.



Paul made a 1/12-scale barge and is now building a tugboat to pull it. With the motor, battery and other equipment he figures it'll weigh about 40 pounds. He built this from just a table of offsets just like we do for real boats. He had all of the fun of figuring out the numbers and then bending the strips to fit.



Steve's doing some work on *Chelsea*, his commuter boat, so he's using this one as a backup. This is a Windmill hull build light, and with just him and his two little dogs it'll plane with the Torquido electric motor.

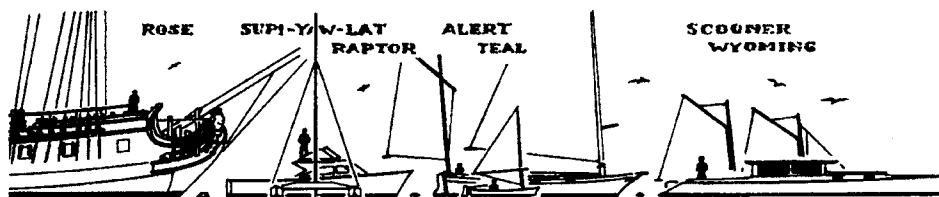
Here's a wide view of my dock with its latest additions. I connected the top with 3" pvc pipes, filled the upright sections with dirt and planted jasmine in the top of each one. All of the pipes are connected so I just turn on one valve and they all get watered at the same time. We can't wait 'til the vines are covering the whole top with leaves and flowers.



Richard owns a big sign making business up north somewhere and is making a "Cortez" melonseed from plans I sent him. He came across the article I wrote once about fast and simple boat building and thought it sounded easy. I guess it is 'cause he's zipping right along. He was a little skeptical about the mast when I told him to use cheap ass white wood and hollow it and taper it from 3" at the bottom to 2" at the top but he did it and found that the weight dropped from 35lbs for the two 2"x4"s to less than 15lbs when its all sanded... and they don't break on these boats. They'll turn over first.



Helen and I went with Lance and Kayak Kathy for a trip down the Weeki Wachee River. It's about 20 miles above Tampa. This is the one to do for a lazy slug like me. We rented a boat at the park and basically floated the five miles down the river. The current really ripped along so the only paddling needed was to help make the turns. We weren't to be tempted to step out of the boat into the shallow looking water, what we were seeing was probably 6' deep. This spring fed river was once noted as having the clearest water in the world, may still be so. The trip took about four hours and we were picked up and brought back when we got to the end. Helen and I had a double kayak and really only needed one paddle.



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This project came about based on a lengthy process of considering the next stage in the "Advanced Sharpie" evolution and then pushed along further by a client's interest. It fills an obvious gap between trans Atlantic tested light scantlings and lean #576 Loose Moose 2/"Anemone" (38'x8'x1'4"x437sf+204sfx15,500lbs max) and heavier scantlings, diesel based, larger carrying capacities #662 Fiji (39'4"x12'1"x2'1"x1157sfx27,600lbs). Tragically, like a number of other designs, #667 was never completed. Now it could be, assuming there is enough interest in her. With so much time having passed, the original folks interested in these "frozen" designs have moved on.

AS-34 (See *MAIB* Vol 28, #9, January 2011, pp46-48) emerged as the obvious smaller sister to AS-40. And in that *MAIB* issue it was mentioned that this larger sister to AS-34 would be discussed eventually. Both share a similar hull shape with flaring topsides, derived from heavier, wider #662. These three hulls feature a well rockered flat bottom for stout structure and plate ballast, with a sharp entry high volume bow addition forward, which produces the longest static waterline and thus also highest hull speed. So, fairly sophisticated forward and simple from amidships on aft. And where Fiji had two outboard hung rudders flanking the diesel outdrive, on both AS-34 and AS-40 we use the inboard underslung "bottom sweeper" rudder geometry like AS-29 and AS-39, except as side by side twin installations for more bite on minimal draft on these heavier hulls and greater rigs. Finally, like the earlier AS-types, both AS-34 and AS-40 feature a single large prop outboard on centerline, but here well recessed inboards for best prop bite and retraction of the motor within these two hulls' overall length.

To explain the visually obvious, unlike AS-34 (Design #676) plans for Design #667 are quite far along in their detailing. But they are as yet just in pencil, which produced this rather rough looking reproduction here after some electronic manipulations to get the concept from faint pencil into *MAIB* print at all. Once finalized in crisp ink on vellum, these plans would be up to the usual standard.

Before getting into AS-40, here is a litany of marketplace failures that had itched us for long enough to express not just in (presumably) better designs like AS-40, but also in this fairly nasal finger pointing bit of irritated self-righteous prose.

The Problem of Limited Choices in the Marketplace: Whether at boat shows, in brokerage pages or in your local marina, presumably market driven products do not reflect many cruiser's full range of requirements or, for that matter, expectation of value and utility for what these boats cost. Fashionable for literally decades, and thus considered normal, are conventions that usually compromise utility and overall capability for the sake of a very narrow range of attributes defined with tortured logic and language as

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design Two-Some Long Range Periauger

high performance or appealing to so called traditional sensitivities.

Derivatives from racing craft typically reflect some temporary and arbitrary rules/prejudice not particularly useful for serious cruising purposes.

Derivatives from local working craft are of decidedly limited interest as well for the serious cruiser as there was no tradition of extensive cruising when those types evolved for usually particular working tasks.

The widespread embrace of such derivatives of both kinds is understandable on the one hand as comforting confines/dictates within which designers, builders and owners can orient themselves much more readily since the small patch of area between such confining walls is easier to grasp, more predictable in its limited opportunities, than the wide open spaces of imagination pursueable to match endless iterations of personal cruising challenges and opportunities on wide open waters.

But the problem is obvious. Many cruising craft reflect the problematic assumption that one could possibly make that small patch between these walls fit all the conceivable contingencies of the wide open spaces offshore and the coastal and inland narrow waters. Thus one observes 40' racer derived cruisers drawing 6'+ of rigid race winning lead followed by unprotected spade rudders trying to nervously cope with the ICW. And one marvels at the notion of low slung inshore fisheries derived boats with beautiful sheer line and exposed cockpits in an offshore gale. Both seem inadequate to the task.

The presumably free marketplace of ideas, one would hope for in the ever growing number of sailing/cruising magazines, does not actually offer any coherent perspective either, not even the independent advertising free sources who are apparently as wed to prevailing configuration of attributes as the most heavily industry financed glossies.

Sailing magazines discussing boats around 40' propose as sensible starter boats coastal cruising craft that would draw 6'+ and as prudent so called blue water types that impose 7'-8' of hard draft, both with high rigid radio masts scalable only in smooth waters and with well choreographed crew assist should light bulb, antenna or mainsail halyard sheave need attending, typically dependent on \$1-\$10 items for them not to come crashing down, often peppered with complicated furling gadgets requiring thick and rapidly aging parts catalogues with hull structures of inadequate repairability while cruising away from specialized yards, presenting liberal reliance on salt water based

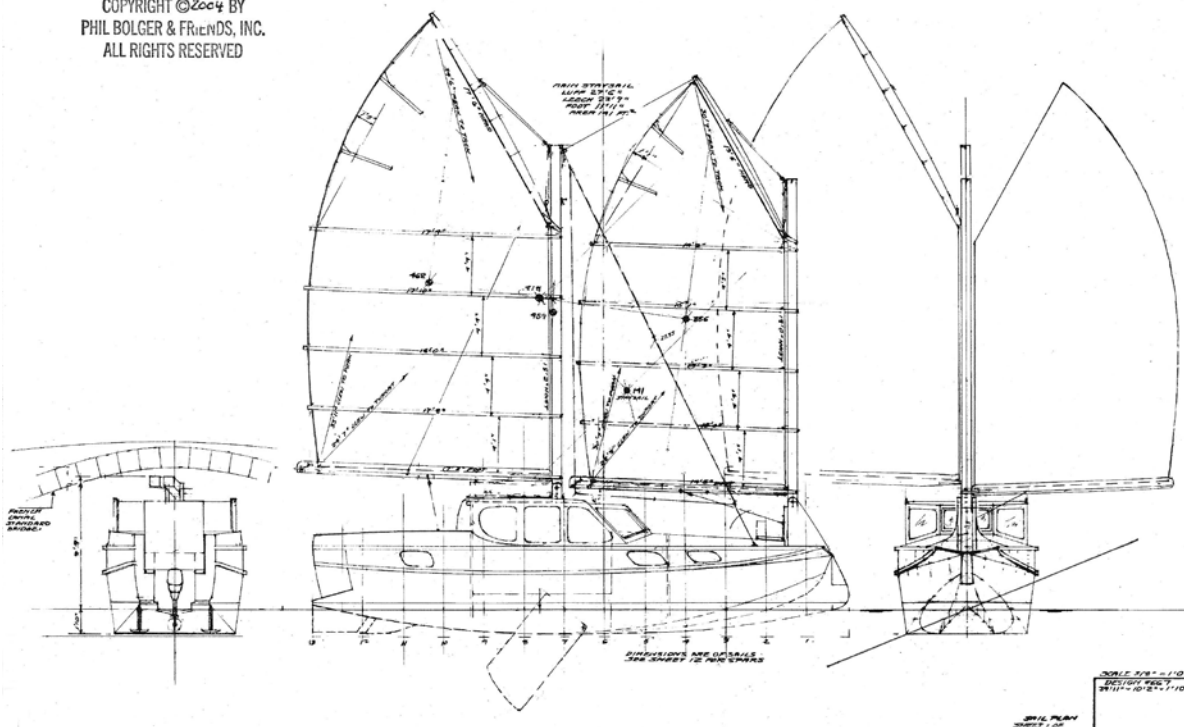
devices from power plants to air conditioning units with designed-in and expensive arrays of permanently immersed dissimilar metals with multiples of clogging potential in convoluted plumbing, with hulls perforated with at times two digit numbers of underwater through hulls, often very limited capacities of fuel, water, holding tanks and battery power to actually allow owner/crew to set out to cruise with a defensible degree of independence, typically offering not even safe and handy dinghy storage, but burdening the crew with thoroughly inadequate thermal performance for any living aboard for extended periods of time outside the balmy belt, dictating lengthy lists of chores related to winterizing, not just implying but dictating that the boats can not be used in actual winter, cold fall or even cool spring between frozen mechanical rigging devices that are not reliable anymore at lower temperatures and water based engine cooling and exhaust systems that may go from being clogged with ice to about to burn the high tech rubber and fiberglass componentry tucked away nearly inaccessibly, and thus risking the boat from both fire and sinking; etc, etc.

Lots of such boats are being built and more are affordable in the used boat market. But which ones are actually desirable to be taken and cruised seriously? The average marina typically presents a clear indication of a cruising boat evolution gone thoroughly off the rails in the context of actual conditions encountered by cruising folks out there. In places with seasons, marinas are empty half the time, with the boats stacked at great expense on land because the current fleet of cruising boats is deemed unsafe even if just left floating for the winter.

A Different Approach: The inherently variable nature of conceivable cruising territories and personal perspective and ambitions stand in stark contrast with derivatives dictating so called desirable characteristics in cruising craft, at times even codified in print.

The cruising environment constantly reflects predictable changes such as tides and seasons, along with unpredictable events such as extremes in the meteorological parameter of cruising. And there is the inherent human characteristic to change one's mind away from blue water mileage making obsessions towards relaxed coastal gunk-holing and estuary exploration and should be catered to by the same craft. The owner might find a mate ashore and stay, with her tied up in a local creek for free or dragged up on land over some saplings serving as rollers. Or she may hear the call of a particularly attractive temporary job and go way up inland as far as there is enough water to float her. Life, ideas and thus cruising grounds change. And the serious cruiser must be able to cater to the owner's needs like any well thought out tool or shelter should.

In an attempt to match this range of challenges and opportunities, we like to pur-



sue the philosophy of moderation and variable geometry, be it mechanical or intellectual, that appears to allow for a much higher degree of cruising freedom and thus likelihood of actually enjoying it. Physically and mentally it should allow for greater resilience to both roll with the punches or just gently alter the course of one's mind and thus one's cruising. For what a, for instance, 40' cruising boat amounts to in financial and emotional investment, it should be able to do global circumnavigation, go around the eastern United States, to finally sample Europe in all its tastes criss crossing it readily on its endless network of inland waterways. Being reasonably ready for road and rail hauling would allow 60+mph transfer of craft for quick change of coasts or just a crossing of a mountain range in the way.

Thus, as with other designs before #667, and since we defined the following attributes as desirable or, better yet, necessary in a cruiser adequate to the task:

Range of stability for offshore purposes. Wading draft, here of 21", to go anywhere including the best cruising grounds, hideaways and storm refuges.

Routine grounding capability with a flat structural bottom 2" thick, sheathed with an additional steel/copper/bronze ballast shoe to take the ground with limited concern.

No underwater hull openings of any kind. Outboard power and propeller fully accessible afloat and not immersed when not in use, vastly reducing corrosion and eliminating drive train related drag.

Masts readily lowered flat without outside help, on short notice.

All urgent sail handling from secure positions.

Reefing of larger oversized basic sail plan rather than added light weather sails.

Prefabricated plywood epoxy construction for (comparatively) low time construction of this 10-ton structure by (comparatively) inexperienced builders.

Design #667 "AS-40"

(Part 1 of 2)

Hull Length = 40'

Length on Deck = 38'6"

Length WL at rest upright = 37'5"

Beam Overall = 10'8"

Beam DWL = 9'5"

Hull-Draft at DWL = 21"

Draft Board down = 7'5"

Sail-area total w/ staysail = 959sf

Main-sail = 462sf

Fore-sail = 356sf

Stay sail = 141sf

(or 1114sf with additional 4' of masts-height)

Mast Height at DWL = 34'1"

Rig Height at DWL = 43'11"

Minimum Bridge Clearance at DWL = 9'8"

Displacement at hull draft = 22,300lbs

Dedicated Ballast in steel belly plating and batteries = approx.. 8,600lbs = 38.6% permanent ballast ratio plus

Max. Fuel Weight of 200 US Gals. = 1,260lbs

Max. potable Water weight (all retainable in holding tank) = 775lbs = 10,635lbs for a temporary ballast ratio of 47.7 % plus

Provisions, Spares, etc. in Stowage Hold amidships = 130+cu ft volume

Yamaha T-60/Honda BFP-60 big-prop four-stroke outboard, 60hp @ 5,500rpm

Transmission 2.3:1 reduction gear

14"x11" 3-blade propeller

Approx. Fuel Tankage = 200

gallons/1,260lbs of Gasoline

Approx Water Tankage = 93 gallons

Battery Capacity = 3,914ah @ 12v in two

6x2v banks, i.e. up to 12V/1,900ah useable

for up to 1,500 total cycles = 1-1.5kw/day

for two weeks plus 4x75w Solar Panels

Estimated Top Speed under Power @ 5,000 rpm = around 8.0 knots

Removable afloat, with onboard means, without destruction of carpentry are engine, all tanks, centerboard, batteries, and even masts.

Using additional tankage in her large 130 cu ft hold, range enough under power to frequent the light weather zones and to plain power and motorsail out of the way of threatening storm systems.

Range enough, electrically speaking, to be quiet without combustion for a week or two of comfortably living aboard summer or winter in an otherwise undisturbed anchorage.

One or two readily launchable hard dinghies with one small hard rowing/sailing tender and one fast power/lifeboat, both of which can be launched single handed over her stern ramp.

Gimballed helm seat and sea berth swinging to adapt automatically to extended/long range heel.

As shown a while back here in *MAIB*, AS-34 features another flavor of the cat-yawl theme, already so familiar from, for instance, AS-29. And on near 40', Fiji was significantly wider and heavier at that length and carried her sail area also on a yawl rig geometry. But more slender AS-40 might risk dipping her boom periodically if significant sail area were hung off one mast only.

We do like the idea of over canvassing on existing spars while reducing, if not eliminating, additional hardware, reliability problems and on deck activities which too many conventional rigs require to power cruisers in light air conditions. So the rarely used cat schooner looked good. More properly referred to as "Periauger" since early Colonial days, L. Francis Herreshoff elaborates on this term for a two masted schooner without jib and a foremast right in the eyes of her (*The Complete Cruiser*, Sheridan House, 1956, p297). On this hull it offers a particularly intriguing silhouette. It had been discussed as an idea in the Fiji development but had not excited that client. We liked it, espe-

cially the ease of setting near 1000 sf feet of efficient sail shapes without acrobatics.

Incidentally, we stand corrected in our book, *103 Rigs*, in our classification of the Periauger as a cat ketch if we follow Herreshoff. On the other hand, *103 Rigs* would be correct if we followed Howard Chappelle's definition on pp220-222 in *The History of The American Sailing Navy* (Norton, 1949).

Hull Shape and Comfort at Sea: This is essentially a raised deck sharpie hull with a modified bow section we've developed over many designs since our first sharpie in 1954. Whether under sail only, or under power whenever necessary, cruising aspirations require a hull that can be driven with low power. For her displacement and necessary habitat volume for her crew, AS-40 is a comparatively slender and shallow boat; i.e., has a narrow waterline beam and minimal draft combined with superior reserve stability. Her hull's gentle curves minimize drag, make for a reasonably graceful appearance and are easy to construct stoutly. With the conventional sharpie geometry dramatically improved by the addition of the sharp bow cutwater, her forward motion should require low power input from sail or engine per given speed through a broad variety of wave conditions.

We are basing this hull on a five-ply sheet hull length (5'x8' nominal) resulting in a structure just above 38' in length. Underwater her 9' wide bottom is flat right across for maximum load carrying capability and stability per given beam, while above water her full length raised deck, plus the physical volume of her house, result in maximum reserve stability and interior habitable volume on 40'. Her sides flare to an even 11' wide hull with a waterline beam of around 9'9", on 21" hull draft.

With this WL of about 38' growing to near hull length at speed, her maximum speed under sail or power is around 8kts. Under power she should be able to maintain 6kts, producing over 150 miles/24 hrs. Using near all of her 50/60hp (more or less intermittent rating) stemming tidal currents, exploring up rivers far inland, or avoiding weather hazards should push her to her top speed of about 8kts at reduced range.

While she is comparatively slender, this hull shape is not a heavy rolling type due to its flat midsection over much of her length. On the other hand, any boat, running across the typically uneven surface of large bodies of water, will roll enough to strain the crew. Under sails she is reasonably stabilized, albeit at the cost of having to accommodate life aboard around varying degrees of monohull sailing inherent heel.

Therefore, under sail or power, we propose to have the controls at the gimbale helm seat and let the vessel roll around it with the helm seat on the hull's axis of heel. The idea, no doubt somewhat unexpected, should not be that alien though with automobile and airplane controls all arranged this way for obvious reasons of ergonomics and safety. Practical experience will indicate the best vertical position of the seat to allow for best all around view at least at moderate heel. The seat would feature fold up arm rests plus at least a lap belt to avoid injury under potentially catastrophic heeling/rollover conditions (no airbags though).

The helm seat has a chart table ahead of it for instant reference, while more leisurely navigation exercises of itinerary segments

could obviously be performed on the dinette table by both crew. GPS and other navigation black boxes with their displays/controls plus engine instruments are mounted overhead or on axis straight ahead. To allow instant standing up at the helm, the seat is rear hinged and flips vertically against its back allowing full standing room at the wheel when standing up would seem more comfortable. There is always the auxiliary helm on the afterdeck for a different feel in tighter quarters, foggy conditions, etc.

AS-40's directional stability comes from a combination of a smooth acting buoyant bow, long gently curved hard chines, the good sized off centerboard, her twin skegs and the underslung "bottom-sweeper" end plated twin rudders. The rudders are 3" thick and stocked to shrug off groundings and occasional impact from flotsam. Under power, with rudders and outboard hard over, the boat can likely be turned in around 1.5 times her own length, depending on position of the centerboard.

The ballast, water and consumable loads, such as fuel and foodstuffs, are placed where they have minimum effect on her trim. In terms of permanent weight down low, apart from her 2" thick bottom and her dedicated ballast of 5,100lbs spread out under her belly in the form of steel plate, she carries well over 3,500lbs of good sized battery banks for serious electrical endurance between charging from the engine. Combined both amount to 8,600lbs of dedicated permanent ballast or 38.6% permanent ballast ratio. She can take on potable water and then retain it (!) as wastewater to add 775lbs of ballast should it matter in heavy weather conditions.

Furthermore, at least heading out, she'll add around 1,260lbs of gasoline ballast. Combining all these consumables adds up to a total temporary ballast ratio of 47.7%. Plus whatever other supplies, gear, spares, etc, you would carry in her hold.

Finally she has a near lifeboat type range of stability, accomplished as it is in lifeboats by assuring reliable buoyancy high above the center of gravity. Though many of her weights are not carried extremely low, all the major items are well below the center of buoyancy at any angle up to bottom up.

Simple and Stout Hull Structure: This hull is designed to be assembled rapidly from prefabricated and prefinished panels. The plans include expansions for cutting out and assembling these panels and a sequence for the assembly. The comparatively simple hull shape that allows this process is proportioned in such a way that there is very little penalty in running efficiency even over an optimum complex shaped hull costing multiples in man hours and upfront set up losses, while offering just fractions of overall ruggedness and field reparability.

The panels are 2" thick on the hull bottom, 1" on the sides including the upper sides throughout. Her forefoot is shaped to eliminate slapping under the flat bottom, lengthens her waterline, opens up more very useful floor space while allowing the flat main bottom to be carried high enough at the bow to avoid eddy making that would lead to unsteady steering in a low rocker flat bottomed, sharp bowed hull.

There are no through hull fittings whatever below the waterline! Her fresh water supply should be ample under cruising typical efficient use of it. There is no need to flush her toilet. And we would avoid using

saltwater inside the boat as it has living matter that decays as it dries off leaving residue and smell. Rather, collect rainwater off her roof, enlarge water capacity and possibly use photo voltaics to periodically power small electrical reverse osmosis units.

To some, her large transparency areas will suggest unacceptable vulnerability at sea, but the large windows are mostly thick Lexan with laminated glass forward where wipers would dull the plastic. Partial plywood shutters could be fitted outside in brackets for belts-and-suspenders safety in extreme conditions. The passage between stateroom and bridge is constructed as a stout hinged door companionway to enhance survivability in extreme conditions, not to mention security peace of mind in general. The engine room is separated from the rest of the craft by a solid bulkhead. And the head access forward could be constructed to offer yet one more watertight volume. From the collision bulkhead at the mainmast to the transom there are thus four full bulkheads, either solid or lockable. A sensible standard policy would secure all doors during night passages and many higher stress/risk daytime episodes such as crossing a busy shipping lane, inshore maneuvering in unfamiliar quarters, fog navigation, etc. And remember her positive buoyancy!

We have developed a straightforward assembly sequence:

On an ergonomically correct workbench, taking advantage of top down tool-handling and horizontal application of epoxy and even primer and paints, smaller frames and bulkheads are cut and surfaced first to develop efficient working routines on easily replaceable items. These items are stored in reverse order to plausible assembly sequence. If necessary, a work surface is prepared on which to assemble the hull. Also, three wooden gantries on casters are to be assembled with stock hand winches and track to match maximum lifting loads.

After assembling a jig curved to respective panels' curvature, these next larger panels, here the 40' long two raised deck and then two hull sides, are assembled full length, surfaced and, using the gantries, lifted up and stored on edge in a rack alongside the jig.

Adjusted again for its curvature, the massive bottom panel is laminated with final rocker locked in.

Bow modifications are applied next, glassed and final surfacing with priming and painting now.

Now the gantries will do the only heavy lifting turning over the bottom panel. From now on all assembly is right side up.

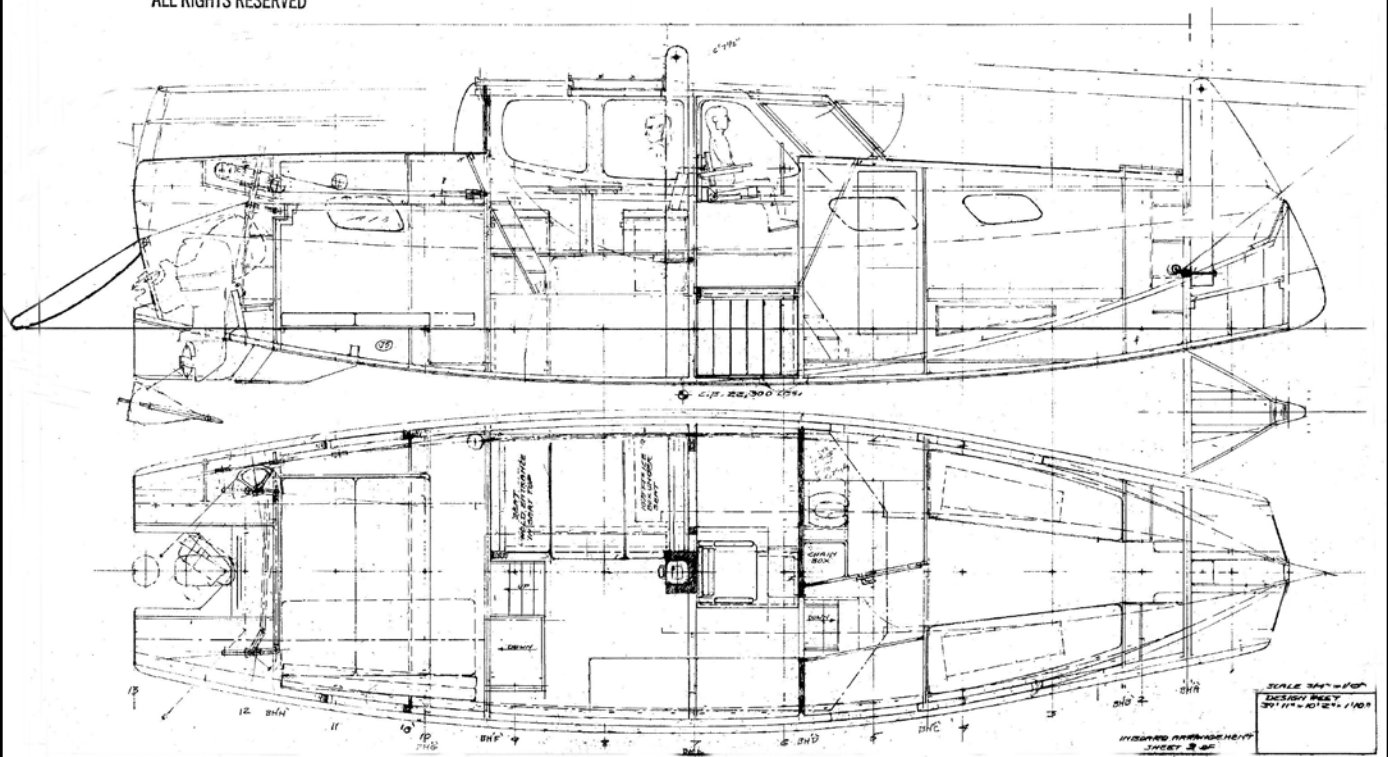
Now bulkheads, frames and other structural members are erected plumb and true.

And again using all three gantries the full length hull side panels are hung.

Deckhouse has been erected and heavier items such as engine, batteries, tankage, etc, are installed.

Finally, lifted into place by the gantries, both masts are located in their tabernacles. Top down view shows approximate minimum footprint of assembly area. Head on view shows minimum vertical clearance. With all major and many minor ply pieces prefinished either curved over horses or flat on the floor or workbench, a smooth runless finish is not only possible but within reach without nightmarish weeks spent in sanding purgatory and then life long sessions with your allergist.

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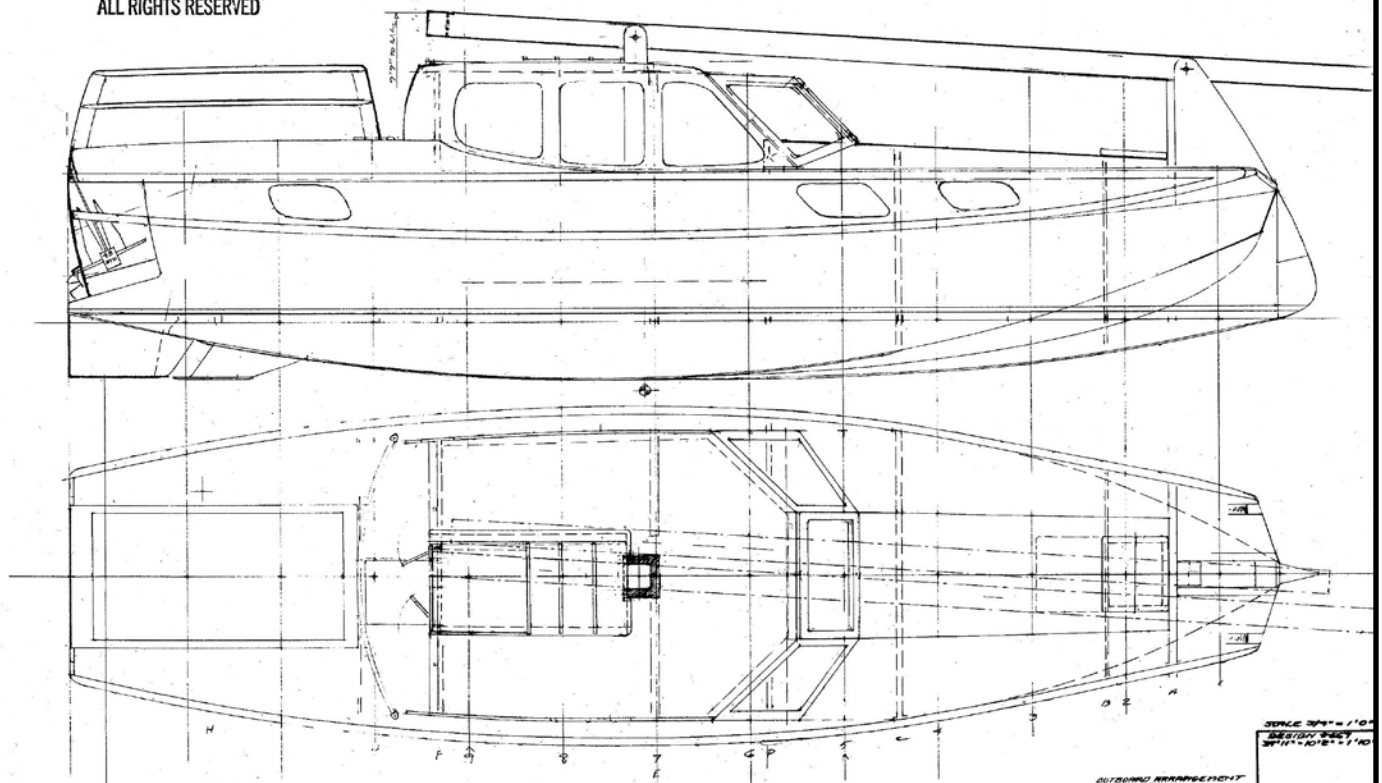


Conventional Cruising Rigs vs Cruising Requirements: Currently fashionable hardware, cost, and drag intensive, high tension tall rigs so essential to march upwind over

the triangular race course, become a liability when cruising a fully powered auxiliary with tankage sufficient for serious range under power:

Extended upwind courses under sail are often avoided as a matter of course by long distance cruisers due to strain on crew and boat.

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Clawing off a lee shore under sail alone is usually not pursued under (racing) concerns of fastest speed through the water but rather as a reliable single or two handed capability, with an optional boost from the outboard to easily speed up the process without excessive strain of boat and crew.

Impossible with typical racer -derived cruisers she can, within minutes, just fold the fore or mainmast, or both for minimal aerodynamic resistance, and become a medium range powerboat, plain steaming in a straight line from point A to point B, largely independent of concerns of ultimate pointing ability, hurricane holes beyond a bridge or amongst estuary trees are now options.

The inherent advantages of a cruising sailboat's ability to readily reduce her masts' top hamper requires little arguing, be it in anticipation of a storm threatening her anchorage, a quieter winter aboard without the sticks up or just shooting of bridges in her exploration of estuaries, rivers and canals.

Neither does the concept of on deck masthead work for repairs/maintenance of blocks, lights, aerials.

Not relying on several hands and armful of high stress components for the vital integrity of a high tension rig is a further vital decision to make early on the drawing board, keeping the probability as low as the number of vital components in the serious cruiser's rig. If the fewer remaining items can either be oversized to not age soon, if ever, or be commonly available, unspecialized, lower cost marine components or just regular industrial hardware, then reliability and reparability afloat are dramatically enhanced.

A Cruising Efficient Sailing Rig: One way to get a good amount of sail area in a slender shallow auxiliary with shorter tabernacled masts is to spread it out low. In traditional western thinking, gaff sails on one or more masts would be popular examples do the job.

AS-40's Periauger rig shows the gaff foresail shape controlled by a conventional

boom vang, full length battens and a peak vang from the mainmast to the foresail's gaff peak. The mainsail, also fully battened, relies solely upon a conventional traveler arrangement with track, car and car controls. On an extended tack, setting the full staysail either during full sail plan in light air conditions or a storm sail version with foresail (and mainsail) reefed or furled should present no difficulty.

Combining the Colonial Periauger on a free standing gaffer updated with modern batten geometry and the foresail peak vang seems worthwhile pursuing, especially under the safety interest of largely avoiding almost all on deck work altogether by design. It should yield a docile, mechanically simple and thus affordable, low stress rig of decent aerodynamics without high tech, high stress exercises. For ease of construction and design, both gaffs are kept identical.

In terms of expected cruising performance, a few quotes shall suffice from Phil's *103 Rigs Straight Talk* (Phil Bolger & Friends, 1984, 1998). In Chapter 62, 'Gaff Foresail and Mainsail' he wrote, "... the result is a rig that is not close winded but has great power for its heeling effect when sheets are started. This combination of long hull and low sail plan will go very fast on a reach. And, except when close hauled, the sails won't interfere with each other. Even dead before the wind, if the main boom is brought aft a little, the resulting flow of air across the sail will blow the foresail out on the other side wing and wing, and keep it out, drawing well." (p156).

In Chapter 69 the effects of the addition of a staysail are evaluated, "...this sail is one of several ways, or potential ways, in which a cat schooner is better than a cat ketch. Not only can the schooner's staysail be bigger and higher than a cat ketch's mizzen staysail, but it's better placed to balance the helm. ...as long as the staysail can be made to stand well and hold its shape, the increase in the total power of the sail plan is much more than that. The staysail itself is a much better airfoil than the working sails, and it can be tacked down out to windward of the boat's centerline to be in an optimum relationship with the mainsail... Shifting the tack to windward also gets it clear of the foresail. To make the staysail stand, the mainmast has to be stayed as stiffly as possible. ...In stronger winds backstays to the quarters would have to be added if the staysail was needed then. ...With extra hands, or no maneuvering in prospect, setting the staysail would stimulate the boat drastically." (p170-172).

AS-40's Periauger rig should balance the various geometric centers and vectors of actual forces of fore, main and staysail, be it of the oversized light air area or snug in storm trim. For certain purposes the main will stand alone, or the foresail would, all depending on conditions, course, experience and preference. With the foremast bare for the night, the partially raised main will frequently be left standing for most directional stability on anchor, always with the option of folding the foremast and even the mainmast altogether for least noise and drag in any wind speed on the hook.

The single halyard/double outhaul/double ended sheet staysail should add to her light wind performance, her capability of heaving to under various sail area geometries, sailing in heavy weather with it set alone. In light airs the staysail should stand on the main mast without running backstays,

but with them set for serious conditions will keep it responsive. It is to be set with moderate exertion either standing in the companionway or the aft cockpit forehatch, extracting it from its bag, clipping it into its outhaul, halyard, and double ended sheet.

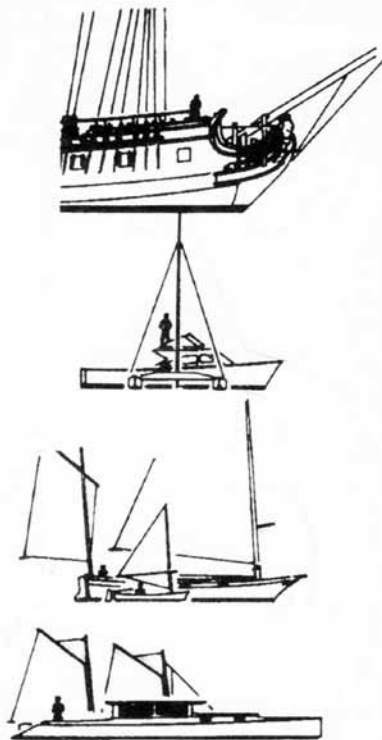
Notice that the typical arguments against placing the weight of a mainmast into the boat's bow is weakened substantially in this geometry through the placement of the weights of chain/rode stowage in the wheelhouse amidships plus stern anchor aft near the transom. More importantly, of course, she features none of the typical lack of bearing due to rakishly cutaway waterlines dictated across decades of styling flavors, but still expected to carry full ground tackle. Furthermore, with the controllability of the foresail, even running squared out, it could be shaped by her boom and gaff peak sheet to help unload the bow somewhat. Lowered, the foremast rests its head within her overall hull length on a dedicated support on the house-top, while the mainmast folding forward will extend beyond her hull length.

In this design, as a matter of safety, the hoisting, reefing and sheeting of both the mainsail and foresail are intended to be routinely controlled from either within the deckhouse or the aft cockpit, with all winches, rope clutches, cleats immediately at hand. Foresail and mainsail sheets are self tending. Fore and mainsail reefs have a leech and luff downhaul of each panel's batten onto the boom and into either the wheelhouse or the aft cockpit, color code them (!) to prevent them from rising in a gale or going adrift in a knockdown, gravity alone may suffice or it may not. The foresail and mainsail are expected to stand deeply reefed in most conditions. Finally a heavy gauge storm staysail off the mainmast might be the last cloth standing.

With sail furled and gaff resting on boom, sail is set by hauling on the mainsail first, then the foresail. Experimentation might suggest trying a gaff brace that maintains the standard gaff angle throughout its travel up the mast, which might allow a single halyard control with the throat halyard available but not necessarily tended to until the gaff is where wanted. Hoisting the sail panel by panel would thus allow locking or releasing the reefs, while gaff angle remains identical throughout its vertical travel. The underlying assumption here is a parallel geometry of battens to one another. If a de facto single halyard geometry proves problematic, using both halyards per mast and sail would be no unexpected aggravation.

The afterdeck is surrounded for serious safety at sea. Forward, it should never be necessary to go on deck to do most routine sail-handling procedures. Serious detailed attention has been paid to bring all necessary lines together into easy reach. For handling docking lines forward, the forward hatch allows standing waist deep in the boat with access from below deck. Finally two stout single wires between fore tabernacle and either the house forward edge or the main tabernacle would allow either harness to clip in to secure crew on a heaving foredeck for the rare bit of work up there at sea, or coming alongside with one hand on the wire and another with lines in hand ready to jump ashore in a canal or just onto the typical float, hence no integration of a foredeck railing system.

To Be Continued



May/June 2012

Now starts the boat's actual building process. I have decided that I'm going to strip build this boat with cypress that will be edge glued. Many builders like to use the canoe cove and bead process but I found that it's an extra step that really isn't necessary.

Edge gluing the strips works great as long as each strip is secured to each station mold and has additional clamps to assist as needed. The cypress strips are $\frac{3}{16}$ "x1" wide. My lumber is in various lengths of 10' to 12' so I'll need to scarf these strips. To assist in the scarfing process I built an 8:1 scarfing jig that fit on my mobile stationary disc sander. This worked really well and aided in the scarfing process.

All of my cypress lumber was rough cut and needed to be planed prior to cutting the strips. After the planing was completed I jointed one edge of each board to acquire a true edge. Then I made a "run out" sled for my table saw and ripped the $\frac{3}{16}$ " strips. This can be a tedious process so to prevent any machine errors I only cut 18 strips at a time. Of course, my shop buddy Gunther, our standard poodle, was on hand for moral support.



Once the strip situation was solved it was time to think about building the transom. I purchased a piece of mahogany with these dimensions, $\frac{5}{4}$ "x7.5"x13' at a cost of \$6.95 per board foot or \$88.88. I then cut the board in half and edge glued the two pieces together with epoxy to form the transom. On cutting out the transom, sanding the surfaces and edges I took a suggestion from one of the other Melonseed builders and fiber-glassed the inside surface of the transom for added strength.

The difficult part of the transom was cutting the beveled top edge to meet that profile of station mold #12. So I measured and then measured again and went ahead and cut the bevel. As it turned out the bevel was perfect on the sides but a bit short on the lower area of the transom, so I decided to just fill these areas with thickened epoxy as I went through the building process. The next step was to place, level and attach the transom to the boat mold. I thus made several supports to align the transom to station mold #12 and to conform to the sheer of the boat.



Melonseed Sailboat Build Part 2

By Don Kerr
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the
Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Being an old fashioned builder type I then went ahead and started building a keelson for the boat. The plans called for a $\frac{1}{2}$ " piece of plywood to be attached to both the transom and the stem, thus stabilizing the boat molds. Not wanting to use plywood, I purchased a piece of clear white pine with the dimensions of $\frac{4}{4}$ "x11"x12' for \$16.

Then I made a $\frac{4}{4}$ "x2"x14' keelson to join the transom and the stem. To attach the keelson to each station mold I glued small 2"x2"x4" blocks to each station mold and attached the keelson to these blocks with $\frac{1}{4}$ " carriage bolts. I guess some of my building friends would say that this was overkill, but I must tell you the building form was extremely rigid and completely aligned on all angles.



July/August 2012

While attaching the keelson to the stem I found that I needed to make an adjustment to the stem. Since I had installed the stem into station mold #2 and the keelson sat on top of the station molds I needed to add three additional $\frac{1}{8}$ " strips to the stem. Once these strips were glued in place with gorilla glue I could begin shaping the stem. What a job, the temperature outside was in the 90's. I started with my trusty spokeshave but found that the white oak was so hard and fibrous that the best tool for the job was my 7" disc sander. I used #50 and #60 grit discs and this accomplished this task in short order.

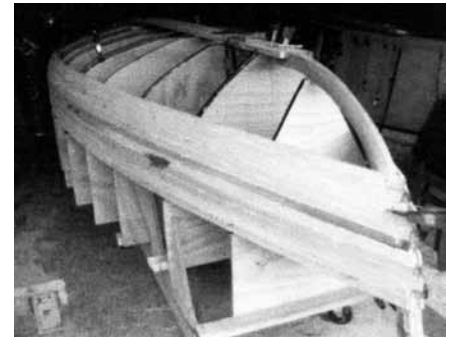
In preparation for attaching the strips to the mold I applied gorilla duct tape to the edges of each station mold. On August 16 I installed the first strips to the mold, one on each side. I attached all the consequent strips with #6 1" hex head spax screws. I started to use gorilla glue to edge glue each strip to the next and this worked great until I reached the bilge or curvature of the hull.

Once I started making the compound bends to the strips the gorilla glue did not work and I needed to start using epoxy to edge glue the strips together. So here's the process that I used. For the strips to make a compound bend I found that this worked best if I soaked the strips overnight. I therefore joined two 8' pieces of 4" PVC pipe together to make a 16' soaking tube. Each strip was about 10'-12' long and therefore needed to be scarfed to make the 17' strips required to fit the boat mold. If you have ever tried to scarf

wet wood you will find that it doesn't work. I therefore scarfed the ends of the long strips prior to soaking and also made 5' strips with scarfed ends that were also soaked overnight.

On pulling a soaked strip out of the soaking tube I attached it to the mold with the #6 screws and scarfed each strip in place with gorilla glue. I then let the strips dry which took about a day. Once the strips were dry I then lightly loosened each strip from the mold, applied epoxy to the edges and tightened the strips back to the mold.

As I added more and more strips to the molds, I found that some of the epoxied edges would "open" due to the drying of the wood so I applied more thickened epoxy to the edges/seams of these strips.



September/October 2012

I continued to add strips each week and to fill in all voids with thickened epoxy. When the "football" got to within 8" of the keelson I found that I needed to change the dimensions of the strips. I therefore switched to strips that were $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide and a height of $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

My rationale was that I wanted the gar-board planking to have a finished thickness of $\frac{1}{2}$ " which is similar to the $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood that is specified in the plans. Inserting the final strips takes careful cutting and splicing to get the tightest fit possible. All 88 of the strips were installed by October 31. At this point I have spent \$1,298.97 and contributed 170 hours to the boat's construction.



November 2012

The weather is starting to change and it was dark in the garage by 6pm so my time to work on the boat is limited. Therefore I am applying thickened epoxy to all seams that show any "light" and to start the leveling process of the hull. By November 12 I have suspended work on the boat until the beginning of spring, which comes to our area in March. More to follow.

Someplace between the middle and the end of my admittedly eclectic Navy career, I had a “boss” who neither understood, nor had any earthly idea of the scope of, what I was doing. Further, he neither liked me much nor did he approve of the methods I employed. That, in and of itself, was the confluence of a remarkable opportunity and an irresistible force that had found a path around the implacable objects of life. His name is lost to me, but not his face. I shall never forget his tart greeting one fine morning. “Well, Chief, what has come splattering out of that bubbling cauldron you use for a mind today?”

Now that I find myself someplace between the middle and the end of my earthly voyage, I am happy to report the bubbling cauldron remains an active stew of “what ifs,” “wunderwhuts” and “gottatryits.” For sake of convention, I’ll call that stew The Bucket List.

The one thing with an ever growing list of pet projects and overwhelming priorities that I find most nettlesome, how to pick what is most important and do it first. That is, of course, the textbook prescription. But when I look deeply into my personal stewpot of churning, frothy, never completely homogenized ingredients of this lifestyle we normally relegate to the fringe of normalcy, an obsession with all things nautical, I just can’t seem to decide.

Yep. I wanna do EVERYTHING. I’ll bet you know somebody like that, too.

So there I was one recent morning with the resources of the firmly retired and the mental extrapolations of an adolescent with unmedicated OCD, ADHD and a plethora of those newly identified behavioral anomalies that seem fashionable to dispose of as syndromes and deficits. I came to a conclusion. Not a firm one, but a sort of synthesis.

It’s not only OK to have a slew of dreams, it’s OK to follow them from one to the next for as long as the Master Navigator may intend. So welcome aboard. What follows is a continuation of a fascination with boats and the various wet spots they were intended to inhabit. So it begins. Again.

I had a long talk with myself this morning and here’s what I decided. Er, WE decided. I’m pretty sure that if you talk to yourself in the singular you could be considered nuts. Sort of a really silly chicken and egg controversy, I suppose. But it did come to an interesting conclusion.

Basically, if one has a passion, and I truly believe everybody needs some sort of passion, that passion should ideally “make sense.” That’s the gist of my early morning roundtable discussion. It was really more than just me at that table. I’m sure the room was just about full. Full of people I’ve never actually met. People I know real well. And, I do believe, I was occupying at least several chairs around that table in turn.

The passion under such intense discussion was, of course, about, once again, “what’s a boat really FOR?” Some of the lively conversations going on concurrently were directed at getting organized and focused on pursuing the Bucket List. And to get a semblance of focus, all hands who were “fiddling ‘round” agreed that we gotta figure out what boats are “for.” You know the drill.

Does the greatest joy come from “using it” or “building it” or simply “having it?” And here, the focus I got rather loud and quite animated. Seems this is the essence of that dictum, “Different Ships, Different Long Splices.”

The Bucket List

Part Two

By Dan Rogers

I’ll carry on with how that discussion went, and continues to go, but first I gotta stir that bubbling cauldron a bit.

Part 3

It occurs to me that working with ideas is a lot like living out of a seabag. All my best stuff is carefully folded and packed into the BOTTOM. Every time I want to get down to the really good stuff, I have to unpack and litter the area with the less good. The very act, in the case of a seabag, of pulling socks and T-shirts out to expose dress canvas and shined shoes requires me to not only unpack and disturb them, too, I must, by the nature of the thing, inspect and consider the need for and quality of everything on top. Back packers and small boat beach campers know all about this as well.

My very best ideas, like those dress shoes carefully stowed at the bottom of the bag, often get confused with the more mundane. It’s really tempting to simply keep everything out and visible. Not so very practical, but tempting.

I do apologize for inflicting another ad lib analogy on you so early in this particular tale but it also occurs to me that workshops and minds are a lot alike. Some shops are clean, neat, everything has a place, everything in its place. Orderly minds tend to present similarly. In my case, both are quite busy and quite well equipped, but neither is particularly well structured. So when it comes time to either plan or work on a boat building repair or modification project, I’ll probably have to move stuff around. A lot of stuff, truth be told. Maybe you know somebody like that.

I’ll admit to a habit of stuffing spare screws and nuts and bolts into the same coffee can with odd electrical connectors, bits of wire, even the occasional piece of sailboat hardware. When I need something there’s actually a bonus in this method. Really. For example, I might be searching for a 2” 1/4-20 with a fender washer and a nylox. A pretty standard quest in the boatshop, right?

But what if I were to tell you that two jamb cleats, a 5 amp fuse and a two-pole toggle switch tumbled out first? Now I know that I won’t have to go online to find that pair of cleats that my latest deck arrangement modification for *Lady Bug’s* gonna need. And so forth. Untidy isn’t necessarily inefficient. Orderly is not always productive. Sure, when it comes to coiling down the mainsheet or sander cord. For sure. But I’m talking about something way more important here. How to figure out how you are gonna solve old problems with new solutions. On boats, of course. And on Bucket Lists, of course.

First, a “logical” question. Do people who serial build boats and either set them aside or bequeath them to somebody else when finished, have a satisfactory “boating experience?” And the obverse. Do people who acquire, rent, steal, even find something that resembles a boat and tramp forthwith to the nearest pond, ocean, stream or swimming pool to “get out on the water” have what the

rest of us would consider an adequate “boating experience?”

Like any other finite continuum, the extremities become a bit ridiculous, at least impractical. Mostly boat people tend to seek a compromise. Yep. We messers WANT TO HAVE IT ALL. We want, in some measure, to do everything a boat can support. And to do that at all successfully, that floaty thing must become both an object to perform useful work and an object of some sort of desire. Did we just get a whiff of anthropomorphism?

So out comes all the stuff in the seabag for inspection and reappraisal. The bubbling cauldron not only requires constant stirring, it demands ever more ingredients and ever increased heat. I don’t think there is any other way to figure out a Bucket List.

It all comes down to this. If I want to do something for long enough, I just might get to do it. Then I really have to decide. What about “it” is it that I want to do? And while I’m deciding, how about answering one more nagging question? After all this time, do I even still want to do “it” at all?

Of course, that’s a pretty personal determination, but since we’re all more or less in this stewpot together, I think it’s worthwhile to compare notes.

Assuming the basic premise “all boats are compromises,” it’s reasonably safe to extrapolate a bit. Very few boats are even “ideal” for the task they were originally built to perform, or for the one they most regularly do perform. So this brings us to a bit of a crossroads. Do we take what we’ve got and go now (or soon)? Do we figure out where we are going and build/buy/modify something to do that job well/adequately? That might take a new investment of time, effort and money and could likely scuttle the project along the way.

I once met a retired Air Force pilot. He was building a ferro cement ketch on the beach at the recreation harbor at Hickam on Oahu. The first time I encountered him it was about 1970. This guy was a three war veteran and claimed to have flown combat in all three of ‘em without losing an airplane. At that point I believe he can do just about anything he cared to with his time. He was building a boat. He had kids at home and the big deal plan was to circumnavigate.

The next time I bumped into him was 10 or 12 years later. Yep, he was STILL building that boat. By then all but one of his kids had moved out and moved on. The hull was plastered and he was refairing it after chipping the whole thing down at least once. The interior was still an empty chasm.

I looked him up when I was passing through again, about half a dozen years later. The interior was taking shape. I recall he was even crafting a laminated teak bath tub. At that point I suspect the putative hull had graced the “temporary building site” for over two decades. By then his kids had kids. Nobody was even thinking about a circumnavigation.

Finally, about Y2K, I went looking for him and his boat. I found the boat, in the water. I have no idea if it ever left the slip. There are several obvious conclusions from this story. Certainly this is not completely unheard of in the boat building world. In fact, almost any back road drive through farm country will reveal a similar boat shaped skeleton poking out from behind a barn. Shall we say that what ever the original plan/motive may have been, the ultimate result is something quite different.

So my existential question, what constitutes a successful boating experience? How “right” does any of this stuff have to be to be right? And corollary to that, does boating even really require water? Is simply building, or just dreaming about building, a boat “good enough?”

For me, that old Crosby, Stills & Nash song about how when you’re not with the one you love, you should love the one you’re with, pretty much applies. If the priority is to go someplace or do something that can be best done in a boat, then I say you should load up and shove off. Sort of.

Bingo! Another crossroads. And a rhetorical question, while we are at it.

If I should happen to be a dog lover and I should happen to visit the dog pound; a) will I be able to resist those sad eyes that veritably scream “choose me!” and b) if I do cave in and select an unplanned new addition to my kennel, should I be required to “turn one in” first? For those of us who already have “too many boats” it can be difficult to justify yet another one. Even when they just seem to follow us home.

At any rate, as I formalize my own bucket list, my own answers to this dilemma in the boat world tend to run from “maybe” on down to “certainly not.” The upshot is painfully obvious. Are boats for collecting? Using? Admiring? Modifying? Dreaming about?

Well, what do YOU think?

Part 4

OK, so far only one guy has weighed in with an answer to my largely rhetorical question, “Are boats for collecting? Using? Admiring? Modifying? Dreaming?” And he said “using.” Probably fair.

I’ve decided to personally take the tried and true cowards way out. It says so, in bold face type, in *The Married Guys’ Handbook*, “Whatever the question, just say ‘yes.’” Unless that’s the wrong answer, of course. Which, of course, takes us into another mobius strip sort of full circle. So on with it awreddy.

I think I can get the time off from my non job of making perfectly good pine trees into dust, chips and noise. For just about forever I’ve had this hankerin’ to chug my way up the Inside Passage. Yep. It’ll no doubt be rainy and cold, and probably lonely. Lonely, because almost nobody really wants to be wet and cold for fun. Certainly not the lovely and talented Kate. And it’s a fair question whether she will allow me to take our attack (toy) poodle, Beau, either. Lonely.

So I have to ask yet another rhetorical question. Is a boat trip’s greatest value in the planning, execution or the re-telling? And I’ve decided that the best answer is “(all of the above).” While solitude is one of the greatest blessings given to and largely ignored by modern mankind, it’s also really nice to say, “Ain’t that cool?” and have somebody else know what you are talking about. So after about 40 years in the planning stages, I conclude that a Motoring North in the Rain Trip to Alaska will just have to wait a bit longer. Just too solitary. Probably.

Plan A, for me, is to do a portion of what they call the Great Loop Trip, starting with the Kentucky Lake and Lower Tennessee River impoundments. From what I can see from Google Earth voyeurism anyhow, the area seems to have a reasonable mix of people and empty spaces. And it’s all connected

by water. And when they aren’t having tornadoes, big bugs and hoomidditty, or snow and freezing rain, they have the most spectacular fall foliage. And an autumn start seems quite doable. You see, it’s only mid June at the moment. Plenty of time to dither over what boat to take.

There’s an added plus. The legendary Sail Oklahoma Boating Festival is scheduled for October 10-14, right smack dab in the middle of the right side of the state. From a tall windmill tower you can almost see Kentucky from there. Heck, it’s only 2,000 land miles to Lake Eufaula, Oklahoma, from where I live in Northeast Washington State, known as Almost Canada by some Florida observers. Well, 2K times 5,280 does work out to a number of gas station stops for both my veteran Chevy van and me. But I ask you. What is a Bucket List for? Big Dreams, is what.

Bigger question, “which boat will work for this latest Voyage of Discovery?” Or will I have to build something new and different? I’ll be sure to get back to you on that.

Part 5

Someplace on a bookshelf, I’ve got an account of WWI at sea. Actually, I’ve got scads of published-by-somebody-else expository prose on that and analogous subjects. I say “someplace” because some of us just don’t ever get around to organizing books into even something close to the Dewey Decimal System. Mine are mostly arrayed by size and, often, by the individual book’s ability to stand up and keep other books from falling over. Maybe, you know somebody like that.

Anyhow, the guys who are better at relating primary research material suggest that Kaiser Bill had a similar problem in deciding “what a boat is for.” Yep. Except in his case we’re talking about Dreadnaught class lookalikes that ran on sauerkraut. The Head Dude in the German War Machine that pretty much invented trench warfare, after coming a stone’s throw from taking over Europe in the summer of 1914, had a significant fleet of battle wagons. But he kept ‘em parked just outa range from those pesky Britt gunners.

He called those ships “My Little Darlings.” While literally millions of others (infantry always gets the raw deal) were being ground up in the trenches, those ships of the line sat resplendent in new paint and fancy work. Unused. So they wouldn’t get hurt. Now, I’m sure you know somebody like that.

I have the perfect boat for this next Voyage of Discovery. Yep. Perfect. But she’s really too “prissy” to put against a pier, or beached on a rocky beach, or even to have muddy footprints scar up the cockpit sole. The varnish work on the cabin sides probably won’t stand uncovered exposure for any length of time. Heck, I haven’t even allowed that Little Darling to get rained on. Dunno if the cabin leaks. I kinda don’t want to find out.

So *Old Salt*, the rebuilt and heavily modified 1959 Glasspar Seafair cuddy cabin boat, sits resplendent on her trailer. Granted, I rarely miss a “Cool old boat...is it wood?” or similar accolade at the launch ramp, usually from some guy with one of those cookie cutter paramilitary looking aluminum fish killing machines with the rocket launchers and search lights and mega 4-strokes. He’s got exactly the kind of boat I NEED. But neither can I afford one, nor can I find a way to LOVE one of those industrial looking things. So on I go down my Little Darling roster.


Most anybody who has ever had a serial number, or had to say “Thank you, sir!,” to get to sit down, will know that there’s always somebody in every outfit that gets the less-than-glamorous duties. I don’t think the concept of fairness (as in “it’s your turn”) has much to do with it. It’s just that (Jonesy, or Smitty or Seaman Yahooty) seems to be able to hack it. Sooooo.

My favorite Squad Dog (a former river boat commander) back during my years in minesweepers had a very succinct way of speaking to such inequities. “Listen up, guys. If you want medals, go to Saigon.” And, there you have it. I’ll bet they say the same thing about Baghdad and Kabul these days. It’s been a guiding principle for me ever since. Some get the glory and compliments on the launch ramp, and some do the actual work.

I need a boat (boats, actually) that can take a bit of roughhousing and still stay in the game. I’ll get back to you on that.



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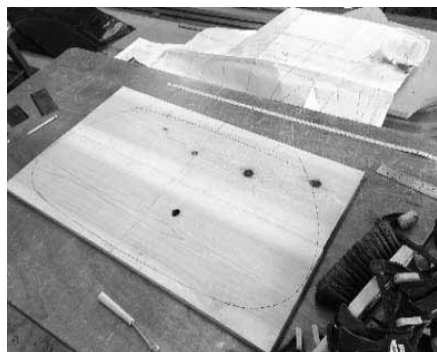
BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box D • Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
maineboats@roadrunner.com

1/4/2013: Began rearranging shop for the purpose of building a Robb White "improved" sport boat. 1.5

1/22/2013: Ripped, planed, biscuit & epoxy joined transom boards of Cypress. Lofted & cut out temporary stem piece. Lofted, cut out & sanded molds #4 & #5 from full size plans. 4.5 - 6

1/23/2013: Lofted, cut out & sanded molds #6, #7, #2, #3, & #1 from full size plans. Sanded temporary stem piece. Cabinet scraped transom boards. Lofted transom onto transom boards built on 1/22. 4 - 10



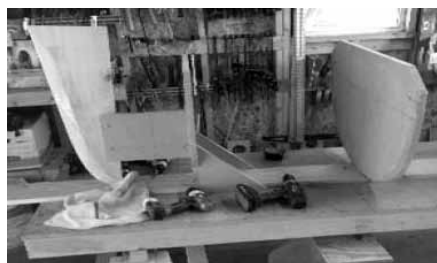
1/24/2013: Cut out, sanded & fiberglassed one side of transom. Set up shop to plane a 16' board to be used as the strongback. Fiberglassed other side of transom after setting transom out in the sun to harden. 2.25 - 12.25

1/25/2013: Epoxied both sides of transom 0.75 - 13

1/26/2013: Cabinet scraped both sides of transom. Cleaned (w/vinegar) both sides. Epoxy coated transom. 0.75 - 13.75

1/29/2013: Sanded and cabinet scraped both sides of transom. Ripped 8 3/8" boards from 16' cypress board. Set up transom at 106° angle on the strongback. Marked mold locations twice. Set up molds #1-#7 on the strongback. 6 - 19.75

1/30/2013: Beveled forward edge of temporary stem & set it up on the strongback. Measured sheer marks port & starboard. Planed a 1"x9"x16' cypress board. Ripped the board into 24 1"x3/8" strips. 4.75 - 24.5



2/1/2013: Shop maintenance. 2 - 26.5
Planed both sides of strips & routed a bead on one edge of each of the strips. 3 - 29.5

2/2/2013: Routed cove on other edge of all but 2 strips. Screwed sheer strips onto molds. Made several adjustments to get a fair sheer curve. 4.25 - 33.75

2/3/2013: Finalized mold positioning. Wood glued 4 strips/side. 3.25 - 37

2/4/2013: Wood glued 2 strips/side & 1 stretcher (cheater)/side. Made up 6 stretcher (cheater) strips. 3.75 - 40.75

2/5/2013: Wood glued 2 strips/side & 1 stretcher (cheater)/side. 3 - 43.75

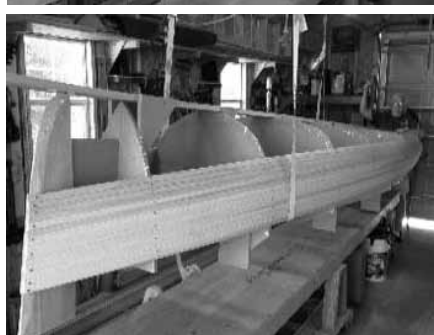
2/6/2013: Wood glued 1 strip/side 1 - 44.75

2/7/2013: Wood glued 4 strips/side. Epoxied transom to strips. 4.5 - 49.25

Building a Robb White "Improved" Sport Boat

By Kathie Payne

Herewith is our log of our building our Robb White Improved Sport Boat. At the end of each session the hours are posted for that session and the total to date. Hours are for each of us.



2/8/2013 Prepared to turn boat over w/ 3 sets of supports added to molds. Turned boat over. Added more supports to molds after boat was turned. 3.25 - 52.5

2/11/2013: Planed & ripped 2 1"x10"x16' cypress boards into 47 strips. Planed both sides of each of the strips. Cove routed 2 sides of 2 of the strips. Glued to hull. 6.5 - 59



2/12/2013: Bead & cove routed strips. Glued 1 strip/side 3.75 - 62.75

2/13/2013 Glued 2 strips/side. Disassembled original strongback. Super glued 1 strip/side. Made 2 6' stretchers (cheaters) & super glued 1 stretcher/side. Super glued 2 full length strips/side. 4.5 - 67.25

2/15/2013 Made 2 6' double ended cheaters. Super glued 1 cheater strip & 1 full length strip/side. 3 - 70.25

2/20/2013 Super glued 6 strips/side. 5 - 75.25

2/23/2013: Super glued 4 strips/side. Began work on stem. 4.5 - 79.75

2/25/2013: Cut out, rounded over (w/ router), and glued bow foot piece. Epoxied stem to hull. 2.5 - 82.25

2/27/2013: Cut out, shaped, & glued triangle piece at hull bottom. Super glued 5 strips to starboard side & 4 strips to port side. 4.75 - 87



2/28/2013: Super glued 2 strips/side. Ripped & planed 1"x9.75"x14' cypress board for additional strips. 3.5 - 90.5

3/2/2013: Ripped, planed, & routed bead & cove on 13 strips. 2.75 - 93.25

3/4/2013: Super glued 2 strips/side. Began fitting garboard. 4.25 - 97.5

3/5/2013: Super glued garboard into place. Sanded triangle piece at the bow. Added supports to molds for stabilizing while sanding. 5 - 102.5

3/6/2013: Sanded hull exterior w/40 grit sandpaper. 3.25 - 105.75

3/7/2013: Sanded hull exterior w/80 grit sandpaper. Taped interior mold locations w/ packing tape preparing to fair & fiberglass exterior of hull. 3.5 - 109.25



3/8/2013: Micro balloon faired starboard side of hull exterior. Bees ran us out of the boat shed. 2 - 111.25

3/9/2013: Micro balloon faired port side of hull exterior. 2.25 - 113.5

3/11/2013: Sanded hull w/ 80 grit sandpaper. Spot micro balloon faired. 2.25 - 115.75



3/12/2013: Sanded spots. Wiped down hull. Began sizing fiberglass cloth. Fiberglassed and epoxied hull exterior. 3.5 - 119.25



3/13/2013: Cabinet scraped high spots. Wiped hull down. Added second coat of epoxy. 3 - 122.25

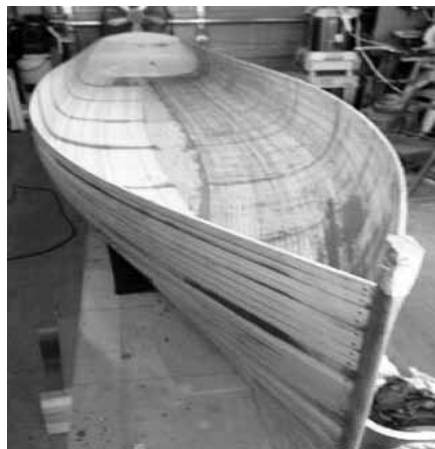


3/14/2013: Sanded & wiped hull. Epoxied hull. 2.8 - 125.05

3/15/2013: Removed molds & temporary stem. Turned hull over. Positioned supporting MDF. Sanded some on the interior of the hull. Cut out interior stem piece from temporary stem piece. Sanded some more on the interior of the hull. Epoxied & epoxy dookied stem & transom. 4.3 - 129.35



3/16/2013: Micro balloon faired interior of 2/3 of hull. 3.25 - 132.6



3/17/2013: Micro balloon faired remaining 1/3 of hull. 1 - 133.6

3/18/2013: Sanded hull interior. Cleaned hull interior. Rounded over transom exterior. Sized & fit fiberglass cloth to interior of hull. Epoxied cloth to hull. 6.5 - 140.1



3/19/2013: Sanded hull interior. Cleaned hull interior & epoxied second coat. 2.5 - 142.6

3/20/2013: Sanded hull interior. Cleaned hull interior & epoxied 3rd coat. 3 - 145.6

3/28/2013: Moaned about frames. 3 - 148.6

3/29/2013: Worked on seats and floor board stiffeners. 4.25 - 152.85



4/1/2013: Glued floor stiffeners into hull 1.5 - 154.35 Measured for seats. Cut seats to length 2.75 - 157.1

4/3/2013: Fit seats 2.5 - 159.6

4/4/2013: Epoxied seats & seat supports into place. 3.75 - 163.35

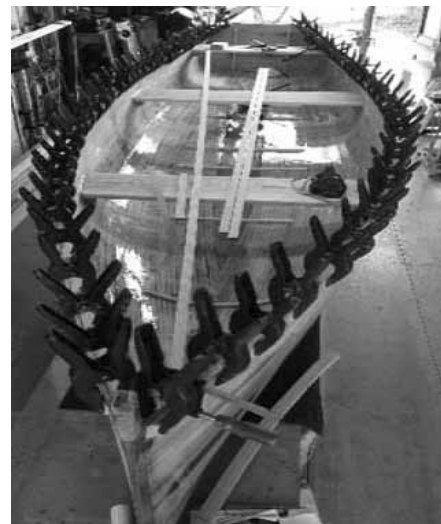
4/5/2013: Turned boat over and dookied seat undersides. Cut out and routed hull runners. Drill pressed nail holes into brass strips that are to be added to the bottoms of the runners. Nailed brass strips to runners. 5 - 168.35

4/6/2013: Glued runners onto boat hull. 2.5 - 170.85



4/7/2013: Worked on gunwales, rub rail, gunwale blocks, bow deck, transom, knees, & motor support. 4.5 - 175.35

4/8/2013: Dookied floor stiffeners. Worked on gunwales. Epoxied sheer strake & motor support to hull. 4.5 - 179.85



4/10/2013: Worked on breast hook & inside sheer strake w/blocks 3.75 - 183.6

4/11/2013: Epoxied inside sheer strakes w/blocks into hull. 2.25 - 185.85



4/12/2013 Sanded sheer strakes & blocks. Sized and glued breast hook to hull. Cut to fit & epoxied seat facings. 5 - 190.85

4/13/2013: Built stand for motor when not on boat. Dookied seat facing. Cut to fit & epoxied flotation foam (pink board) under seats. 4.5 - 195.35



4/14/2013: Turned boat. Drilled hole in boat hull for drain plug. Routed rail openings between blocks. Epoxied a piece of PVC into drain hole. 2.5 - 197.85

4/15/2013: Sanded rails & interior of hull. Turned boat & sanded exterior of hull. Vacuumed, dry wiped 2x, wet wiped 2x exterior. Turned boat. Vacuumed, dry wiped 2x, wet wiped 2x interior. Fiberglassed seats & added fiberglass mating transom & hull. Epoxied motor support to transom. 5.5 - 203.35

4/16/2013: Trimmed fiberglass on seats & sanded. Epoxied biaxial cloth at transom/hull. Dry fit rub rail. Canned that idea. 1.75 - 205.1

4/17/2013: Sanded at transom & seat corners. Worked on boat hooks. Primer painted interior. 5.75 - 210.85



4/18/2013: Sanded interior of hull. Primer painted interior (2nd coat). 3 - 213.85

4/22/2013: Worked on sizing splash rails @ bow. 3 - 216.85

4/23/2013: Drilled, epoxied, screwed spray rails onto hull. 2.25 - 219.1



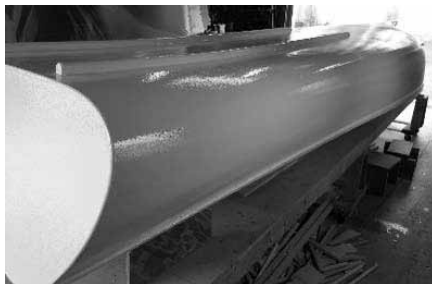
4/24/2013: Sanded, cleaned & painted interior. Dookied upper part of spray rails. Turned hull over. Dookied lower part of spray rails. Removed brass strips from runners. Spot dookied runners. 2 - 221.1

4/25/2013: Spot sanded, cleaned, primer painted hull exterior. 1.75 - 222.85

4/26/2013: Sanded, cleaned, & primer painted hull exterior (2nd coat). 1.75 - 224.6

4/28/2013: Sanded, cleaned, & finish paint painted hull exterior. 2 - 226.6

4/29/2013: Sanded, cleaned, & spray painted hull exterior. 2.6 - 229.2



4/30/2013: Turned hull over (round side down). Taped & covered w/plastic the interior & exterior preparing to paint seats and gunwales. Spray painted seats & gunwales. Removed plastic. Painted stem top red! 1.75 - 230.95



5/6/2013: Registered *Chickenfeed* w/ State of Florida.



5/7/2013: *Chickenfeed*'s maiden voyage.

5/10/2013: Cleaned, sanded, taped, wiped down, & spray painted second coat on the interior 3.5 - 234.45*

On our first outing we found that the boat maneuvers easily. With the motor near idle in gear we were moving faster than I would paddle when moving downstream. Saw 10.5 knots at less than half throttle, have to break the motor in. Into the wind, at over 5 knots there is some spray with three aboard, not near as much as a Melonseed. It was blowing over 15, opposing wind and tide conditions, we needed to use care in the 2+' chop and rolling waves. It is a canoe after all, designed for protected water or flatter conditions. We spent most time going up river and in the tidal marshes.

Here is a link to a slide show on YouTube with many more photos of the build process: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k1Sf5MbOg_Q

Here is the link to the story of the *Chickenfeed* Boat from Robb's homepage. He is the author of *How to build a Tin Canoe*, *Confessions of an Old Salt* and *Flotsam and Jetsam*, *The Collected Adventures, Opinions and Wisdom from a Life Spent Messing About in Boats*.

<http://robbwhite.com/sportboat.html>

Quality Restoration and Repair



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Several years ago I was working at a sailboat shop doing the grunt work in the yard. One of my many duties there was to make a 55' Chris Craft go away. Every Tuesday before I left I had instructions to make sure that the trash was all out and that boat parts were to be used to make sure that that the dumpster was full.

On Tuesdays I would cut up parts of this big boat into dumpster size pieces. It took about a year and the boat went away. I kept a lookout for long pieces that were worth salvaging. The way those boats were built with a million brass screws it was very hard to find any good lengths. During that time I did manage to bring home a few pieces, some as long as 6'. They all had paint on one side and screw holes in them but were good Honduras mahogany.

These central American woods are becoming high priority. Many builders are using African wood as a substitute. I was happy to have a little of this very fine wood left so I could trim out *Mini Slipper* with Honduras.

Over time I managed to trim out a couple of canoes with this wood and I am using the last of the salvage on my present boat project. I was really getting down to the short sections so my scarphing jig got a good workout. Photo 1 shows this jig. I built it a few years back and it works very well. This jig was assembled on a piece of $\frac{3}{4}$ " ply with the parts showing screwed through from the bottom side with then two runners that fit the cross cut slides tacked to the bottom to act as guides. The last step was to saw through the board with the blade raised as shown.



When I use it, I simply hold the piece to be cut tight against the guides and push it thru the saw. It is simple but it really works. I cut a 1:8 taper on the ends that I plan to join and glue them together with epoxy. I cut all the pieces that I would need for the job on my little Craftsman saw, 1942 vintage. I cut the scarfs with this jig. I then glued them together being careful to keep them in alignment.

After the epoxy cured I ran them through a planer to bring them down to the dimensions that I wanted. On this boat I was working for a very lightweight canoe so the rails are rather



By Mississippi Bob Recycling Wood

scant. The outwales are a scant $\frac{1}{4}$ "x $\frac{5}{16}$ ". The inwales are built up in three sections. The end sections are $\frac{5}{16}$ "x $\frac{11}{16}$ " and an overlapping center section is about $\frac{11}{16}$ " square.

A good friend designed the rail system that I have been using for several of my more recent boats. I call it "The Kunz Gunnel" in his honor. In this system all the shorter sections overlap. On a solo canoe I usually have the overlap where the thwarts will attach and I install spacer blocks where the seat will go and a few other spacers that will leave me with a ventilated gunnel.

These had to be planed out ahead of time and assembled on the bench before installing them in the boat. The overlapping pieces were epoxied in one operation and after they were cured I glued all the spacer blocks on with Titebond #3. Photo 2 shows this operation.



After the glue had dried I could treat this assembly as if it were one chunk of wood. I lined up the seat spacer blocks where I wanted the seat to be then clamped the rails into place.

The center section was much stiffer than the ends, exactly what I wanted in this boat as most of the curvature belonged near the ends. I clamped the center section with a number of C clamps and clamped the thinner end sections with spring clamps. I carefully cut the ends so that both sides came neatly together on the center line.

I next screwed the inwales in place through the cedar hull with screws that didn't quite go all the way through the rails. These screws all got countersunk so they were flush with the fiberglass skin. I was using some very short screws at this stage although I did use longer screws into the spacer blocks. I made sure that the seat block was held very well with a screw on either side of where the bolts were to go that held the seat up.

I have a bunch of electric drills and used three of them during this operation, one with a pilot drill chucked up short so it wouldn't go through the inside of the rails, another set up with the counter sink and a third on my lightweight battery drill set up with a Phillips driver with the clutch set so it just set the screws without tearing them out.

Just to make sure that all the fasteners were well seated, I clamped things together next to each fastener, moving the clamps as I moved toward the ends. I was using very small sheet metal screws as I feel that they have more holding power than wood screws.

I installed the decks before installing the outwales. The deck was cut out of rectangular blocks of Honduras about 3"x6". I cut them diagonally, then epoxied them back together giving that mirror image look. I cut off the inner ends square.

I wanted the decks strong as they often get used as lifting handles, so I glassed the bottom side with a couple layers of 6oz cloth. These decks had been made weeks earlier so they were ready and I simply planed the edges to get a nice fit. I rounded the inner ends to make nice handles and epoxied them in place with longer screws that buried well into the edge of the decks.

I was now ready to install the outwales but I didn't want the screws to interfere with the screws already installed so I simply marked each place where there was a screw on the top edge with a pencil mark.

I was out of that great Honduras mahogany so the outwales would have to be Philippine mahogany. That's not mahogany at all but I have been told is Spanish Cedar. Anyway, it will have to do. These were cut out of an 8' board and scarphed near the center. I ran them through the planer doing the edges first then the flat surfaces. I planed them down to about a scant $\frac{3}{8}$ ". They got screwed in place avoiding the places that I had marked. I trimmed the ends back at about a 45° angle and began rounding things up with a small block plane.

I had kept an eye on the boat's beam as I progressed but I still needed to pull the sides in a little before installing the thwarts and seat. One loop of rope around the middle pulled it back into the dimension that I wanted. The thwarts and seat had been built weeks earlier and now I trimmed them to length and bolted them to the bottom of the inwales. The seats got nearly the same treatment but I wanted their forward edges lower so they got bolted with longer bolts through a wedge that I had made that lowering the front edge an inch.

I had planned ahead when I glued up the inwales. I wanted the forward thwart 29" away from the seat, my inseat length. The forward thwart is also my foot brace. It works for me.

The rest is sanding and varnishing. Several coats on the rails and finally a couple of coats over the entire hull inside and out. I use Helmsman Varnish made by Min Wax. I have been very happy with this product and I can buy it at our local big box store. I apply the varnish with a foam brush. I have had good results this way. I like a semigloss finish. Gloss is only good if everything below it is perfect. My work never is.

I had some decals made up at a local sign company and they were installed prior to the last coat of varnish. The boat has been licensed as Minnesota law requires and has been in the water a few times. I am ready to show it off at the Lake Pepin Messabout.

I have owned only two canoes. My first was a 17' aluminum one. It currently lies in its watery grave at the bottom of Minnetonka Lake in Ontario, Canada. That's another story. My second, a 12' canoe, came to me from a "damaged seconds sale." That was 40 years ago. The price was right and, although it was damaged in three different places, I hauled it home for some fiberglass repairs. With the glass repairs done it tested quite dry.

We used it only a few times during summers because it had a bad habit of tipping over easily. Weighing about 30 pounds, it was guilty of dumping its occupants quite regularly. With its high seats and therefore higher center of gravity, heavyweight paddlers required excellent balance. My son and I tipped over during a simple launch one time. Another time, with my wife seated, I was wading in shallow water pulling the canoe upstream when it flipped, dumping the Mrs in the shallow water. She never forgave me, and to this day I sleep with one eye open...

With the family growing larger every which way, I purchased a used 14' Lone Star aluminum speedboat. Our "Tippy Canoe" was relegated to a quiet life under the back deck out of sight for 30 years. Running the new boat came with its problems as well and after several years, I sold it as the children left the nest.

Finally I retired and found myself with time on my hands. I decided to pursue the quieter life of paddling my own craft and observing Mother Nature. My motto, "KIS", Keep It Simple, avoids noisy, trouble prone outboards, complications of boat trailer towing and constant maintenance. I dragged out my now very old Fibre Lite canoe from under the back deck. But as it was 12' long, I'd still have the hassle of tying it down on my car top.

Recently I bought a Honda Odyssey van. I removed the interior passenger seats and lowered the aft passenger bench seat below the floor and out of the way. That opened up 9' of space with bow room between the front driver and front passenger seats. Now, I reasoned, I could get a 9' canoe inside the van with the rear hatch closed. After some mental fights about shortening a good 12' canoe, I decided to go ahead and cut 3' off the stern! After carefully planning the cut, I pulled out my trusty saber saw and cut through the fiberglass hull. In addition to that I also had to hacksaw both aluminum tubular gunwales and saw through a steel tube keel. That was a well made canoe.

After smoothing the cut edges, I measured the stern opening and laid out the dimensions on 1/2" plywood to now invent/create a square stern bulkhead or transom for an electric motor. I cut the new transom, fiberglass taped the edges to the cut hull and reinforced the corners with corner brackets. I glassed both sides of the transom to make the whole joint completely waterproof.

Remembering how tippy this canoe was, I made a floor seat with a back to keep the CG low. I planned on using it with a double paddle, kayak style. It fit perfectly in my van with the hatch closed. Water testing proved the new transom watertight. However, while testing it with that new floor seat, the unanchored seat shifted sideways when I leaned back. The canoe immediately rolled over, dunking me again! I anchored that seat and used it a few times fishing, but didn't feel comfortable with its unstable characteristics. It went back under the deck again while I moved on to creating my wooden Take-a-Part

My "Tippy Canoe"

By Bob McAuley

kayaks and enjoying their success paddling the local waters.

Several years went by until the fishing bug bit me again. After catching some bass in my kayaks, I desired more onboard room when handling trophy fish! Since the kayaks were short on space, I revisited my lonely, dusty, truncated, forgotten canoe under the back deck. It was wide and had plenty of space for those big fish. Finally, I pulled it out from under the deck last fall and began a new chapter in its life, I hope... A portable outrigger just might work. I began planning a foam outrigger on the port side. Hopefully, this would end that stability problem. Commercial outriggers looked like they wouldn't fit on my narrow aluminum gunwales and I wanted it only on one side. I wanted the bow person to be able to troll off of the starboard side and not get tangled with an outrigger. I would build a rear seat 10" ahead of the transom for steering the motor and trolling out the unobstructed port side.

My son and I worked on it over the winter. My supply of parts consisted of a 2" thick sheet of Styrofoam 4' square. For outrigger arms, I had a collection of several old hollow 3/4" diameter steel compression wing struts from old Piper Cub and Taylorcraft wings. These were 30" long with 90° flanges welded on one end. Mike and I cut them and mounted them inside below the gunwales like thwarts connecting both sides of the canoe for strength. These provided the strong anchorage to hold the tubular outrigger arms in place.

Outside the port side below the gunwales we drilled 5/8" diameter holes into the fiberglass which lined up with the 3/4" thwarts. We put doublers around these holes for added strength, 90° flanged 3/4" steel rods were inserted into the hollow thwarts forming the outrigger arms. They are inserted at lakeside when ready to hook on the float. The outrigger foam float would attach to these flanges with quick disconnect pins.

The outrigger foam float consisted of two flanged hollow steel tubes screw mounted 28" apart on a 4' x 4' x 1/2" pine board. Three pieces of foam were cut 4' x 8' x 2" thick. It's a sandwich construction with the foam between the two boards. 3/4" holes were bored in the foam 28" apart to slide down the steel posts mounted on the pine board trapping the foam. Then the second board was bored to slide down those posts completing the sandwich.

Those two posts get connected to the outrigger arm brackets at the lake with

The float sandwich.



pins. Everything is adjustable. The outrigger arms can be extended until proper balance is achieved. The float can be adjusted up or down for the least amount of drag after water trials. The protected bow metal shield was installed by grandson Will Milne and Grandpa McAuley when he was visiting.



Float and outrigger closeup.



Float positioned outboard.



Float positioned inboard.

On June 11, sunny and 70°, Mike and I loaded our Tippy Canoe, outrigger and hardware into my van. We drove two miles to our village's local Lake Harriet. We scared away the shoreline ducks as we descended the grassy slope to the put in. The shore was quite muddy and the water shallow. That necessitated donning our knee boots as we assembled the hardware onto the canoe. In short order the float was secured to the outrigger hardware and we waded out of the shallows pushing the floating canoe ahead.

We carefully mounted with Mike in the stern and me in the bow. To my happy amazement, the foam outrigger float was

perfectly located on the canoe. We balanced well. Attempts to roll over on either port or starboard proved negative. The stability was good. We paddled it at a good clip and the extra drag from the float seemed easy to overcome. Eventually, the canoe will be electric powered.

We came back to shore and I climbed out to shoot photos. With just Mike in the stern, the bow naturally came out of the water. Solo operation should be quite normal with 40lbs of ballast in the bow. We forgot

to test it with one person standing and casting. The old fiberglass hull leaked in some spots, so I will do some patching before floating again. It will get new paint inside and out. Carry handles need to be mounted on the stern bulkhead and quick attach Tote Wheels will be needed for oneman transport.

My next report will be about testing the new electric trolling motor and trolling for that Monster Tiger Muskie seen lurking in the local Locke! The Tippy Canoe is no more.

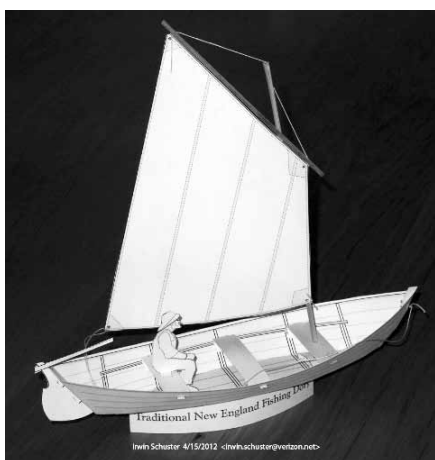


Mike solo in the stern. 40lbs of ballast in the bow will level the canoe



About the Paper Dory

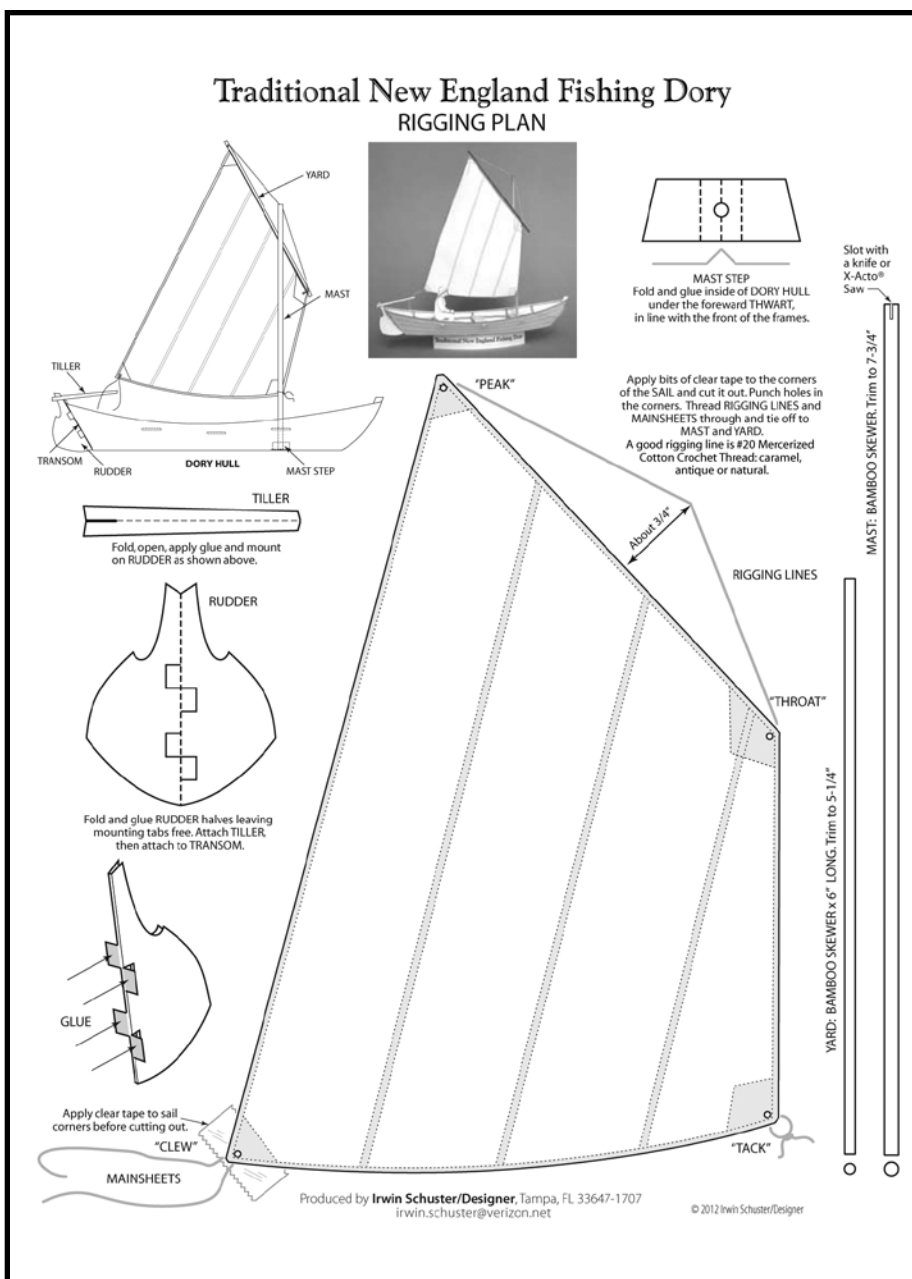
By Irwin Schuster



Made aware of the design of a paper dory in use for a New England children's program, I decided that I could do better, simplifying assembly and adding graphics, and when showing the result, I was asked to add a sail rig option. The final product (sold at cost) became an inexpensive supervised project, take away handout and/or high profit gift shop item. The dory "kit" itself is self contained on one card stock page, complete with instructions, history, scale figure and display base. This hull page had to be precisely registered front to back and so was best accomplished on a commercial offset press.

The optional rig, with sail, rudder, mast step and spar dimensions, is contained on a separate page supplied free in the form of a pdf file for in house printing, along with a page of tips for building in groups. Mast and sprit are made from a single bamboo skewer from the supermarket.

This was not done for profit, but for educational purposes, and a number of New England institutions have taken advantage of the offer. They are still available to interested parties at cost: 14¢, plus the inevitable S&H, by contacting me at <irwin.schuster@verizon.net>. Minimum of 25, please.



Now that your boat is planked and you've fully recovered from the whiskey plank celebration, it's time for all of the bits and pieces of joinery that complete the boat structurally and make it user friendly. This is also where you can add some personal touches to make your boat unique. Pay particular attention to your plans here because the correct location and installation of some parts can be a critical factor in the strength, performance and comfort of your boat.

Removing From the Jig

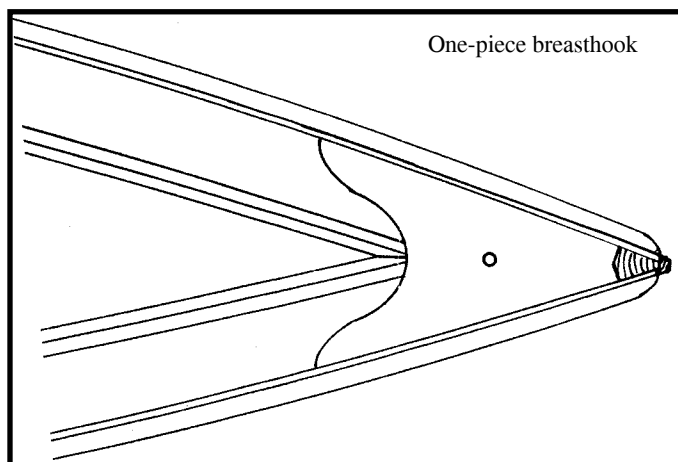
When to remove your boat from the building jig depends somewhat on the type of construction. I like to leave plywood boats attached to the ladder frame jig after planking until a few more parts are installed. It's much easier to attach the skeg, outside battens, chine rub strips and outside stern post with the boat solidly supported and upside down on the ladder frame. For traditional lapstrake construction, you'll need to remove your boat from the jig to install the bent frames. For traditionally planked boats and some plywood boats that don't have rigid frames, you may need to install temporary spreaders across the sheer from side to side to hold the shape until some of the other stabilizing pieces are installed. Refer to the plans for the finished widths at several points and clamp or otherwise attach spreaders there.

The Pieces Breasthook

The breasthook is the structure located level with the sheer that ties the two sides of the boat together at the stem, adding great strength and integrity to the hull where it most needs it. In small boats, the breasthook is often used as a handhold for beaching, so it needs to be solidly constructed and fastened. It is butted to the back of the stem, then fastened in place with glue and just enough screws or nails through the planking to secure it until the glue dries. The rub rails are then fastened to the breasthook with stout screws, which are the primary structural fastenings in that area. Inwales, if specified, are usually notched into and fastened to the breasthook on the inside.

One Piece Breasthook

For many small, light boats, the one piece solid lumber breasthook is a good choice because it is the simplest to build and install. For sharp bowed boats, like canoes, I use a softwood breasthook to save weight. Running the wood grain in the fore and aft



Fitting Out the Planked Hull

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

direction presents good edge grain for effective fastening. For more blunt bowed boats you can run the grain from side to side, but for this application I prefer to use a hardwood, like oak, because of its superior strength and ability to hold fastenings better in the end grain.

Two Piece Breasthook

In applications where I want the greatest possible strength, I use a two piece breasthook. This is made up of two pieces, glue-joined on the centerline with a bolt tying them together. Each half has its wood grain aligned with the side for optimum fastening. The two piece breasthook is also recommended for boats in which the forward ends of the inwales are secured to the breasthook since there is no cross grain to weaken the landing points. In lighter construction you can omit the bolt and, instead, fortify the glued joint with dowels, a spline or a backer of plywood or metal on the underside.

Quarter Knees

Quarter knees perform the same function that the breasthook does at the stem, but in this case tie together the sides and transom at the sheer. They are usually made in one piece, with the grain of the wood running diagonally so fastenings from both transom and sides are driven into mostly edge grain wood for better holding. Installation procedure is the same as for the breasthook except the transom screws are driven from the outside of the transom into the knee.

Mooring Hole

I usually bore a hole in the middle of the breasthook and quarter knees for tying off the mooring line. A fancy cleat would work here and is a common arrangement, but a hole is free, works great and requires no maintenance. Just make sure the hole is far enough from the inboard edge that there is plenty of

support from the screws. Generously round over the edges of the hole, top and bottom, to prevent chafing of the line.

Rub Rails (Gunwales)

The rub rails are longitudinal members that perform the dual function of stiffening the sides at the sheer and protecting the boat from impact and chafing. They are usually installed with glue and screws into the breasthook and quarter knees and nails or screws through the planking from the inside. If there are sawn frames and no inwales, the gunwales are fastened into the frame heads with screws. In boats with sawn frames and inwales, the usual fasteners are carriage bolts, driven from the outside, through the gunwales, frame heads and inwales and secured with nuts and washers on the inside.

Inwales

Some boats have inwales, which are the longitudinals that run along the inside of the frames at the sheer and terminate at the breasthook and quarter knees. I use inwales in all but my lightest boats. They not only add stiffness to the hull, but double as handholds for carrying the boat and are great for belaying lines and lanyards. They are usually fitted in notches in the breasthook and quarter knees and are attached with carriage bolts through the frame heads.

Risers

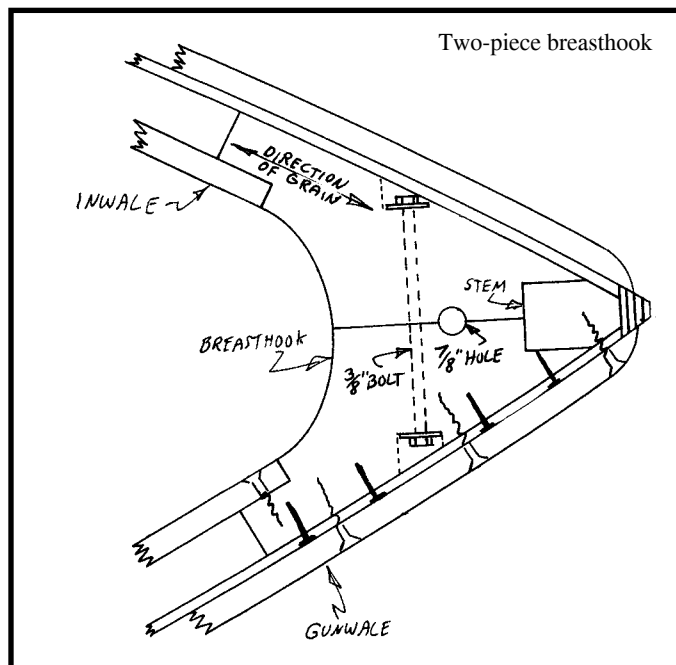
Risers are the longitudinal members that fit inside the frames and support the ends of the thwart. The location and installation of risers should be exactly as specified in the plans, for comfort and strength.

Thwarts

Thwart is the nautical term for a boat's seat. They usually run from side to side or "athwartships".

Knees

Knees are used in some boats to provide extra support and stiffness in critical areas. They are often used as braces tying the mast bench or thwarts to the sides and sheer.



Outside Battens

Outside battens, or rub strips are the longitudinals that serve to stiffen the bottom and protect it from wear when beaching. A metal strip is sometimes added for extra protection. To minimize water resistance they must be installed exactly parallel to the centerline and must be perfectly straight. They are usually attached with glue and screws into the frames, transom and stem base and screws through the bottom from the inside.

Chine Rub Strips

On plywood boats with no fiberglass protection on the outside I install chine rub strips

to cover the edge of the plywood bottom. For these I like to use a tough, durable hardwood like oak. They are installed with glue (or bedding compound, if you anticipate having to replace them) and nails or screws. The bottom is faired to match the bottom angle and the upper outside corner is well rounded or beveled to reduce water resistance.

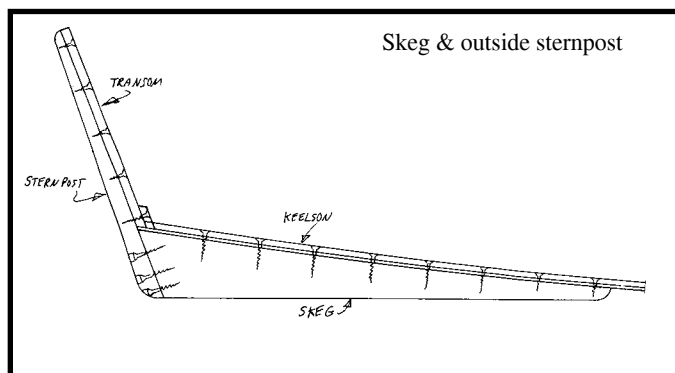
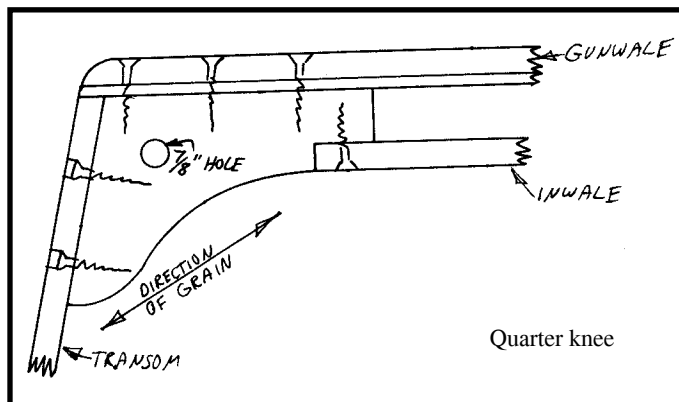
Skeg

The skeg is the fin-shaped structure located at the extreme aft end of the boat on the centerline. It helps improve the straight-line tracking of the boat when underway. It must be carefully scribed and cut to fit the

curve of the bottom. The skeg is particularly vulnerable to sideways impact so it must be stoutly fastened with screws driven from the inside and spaced about 6" apart.

Outside Sternpost

Some transom stern boats have an outside sternpost. This is an excellent and easy way to provide additional stiffness to the transom while at the same time greatly strengthening the skeg against sideways impact.



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Our yacht club has a monthly program on some aspect of boating. One month a gentleman came and gave a presentation on solar powered boating with slides of his boat and its components. He took a 41' ferro cement hull and rigged it to have solar panels (about 4 kilowatts output) over the deck. For power storage he used 6 volt golf cart batteries because they were not that expensive and were designed for outdoor use. He left the diesel engine in place and added a chain drive connection just beyond the transmission for the electric motor connection. The batteries were connected in series to give him 48 volts for the motor and he has a converter for the 12 volt and 120 volt power needed for other aspects of the boat's electrical operations. His website, <http://www.shipofimagination.com/>, is not as informative on the technical aspects of his conversion as was his presentation, but it is worth a look.

One aspect of electrical connections that can cause problems is the safety interlock that keeps the motor from being started when the transmission is not in neutral. This is a good feature until it fails. With luck, the failure will be at the dock. Not so good is when it fails on the water. My old Sisu 26 (1985) has a Westerbeke diesel without the safety interlock and the engine can be started with the boat in gear. An item on my check list is "transmission in neutral." On the other hand, I will not have the problem that some fishermen I met faced when the engine on their boat would not start when they checked things out on the trailer before they left for the launch ramp. We went over the electrical system (battery charged, visible connections good, etc) to no avail. The problem was in the integral "box" on the dash. While the problem could have been solved with a temporary "jump," none of us thought it was a good idea. Better to stay on the shore and miss the fishing than go out and not be able to get back to the dock.



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Trouble at the launch ramp can be a major aggravation to those involved and quite interesting to those of us just watching. It is also a learning experience for all involved. We all learn from their errors and, with luck, no one is hurt in the process. I have forgotten to put in the drain plug and another time had the motor refuse to start after the boat was launched (it started fine at the house). I have been fortunate not to launch the vehicle along with the boat and trailer (always used chocks behind the rear wheels of the vehicle), or have the vehicle slide on down the ramp after the brakes were used (stop on the dry part and then back very slowly the rest of the way), or end up with the rear of the vehicle in the water (use an extender of some sort between the trailer and the vehicle). But I have seen all of the above at one time or another.

There is also the unfortunate soul who unties everything, starts backing down the ramp, hits the brakes too soon and has the outboard (or boat) bouncing on the ramp behind the trailer. Much can be learned in an afternoon at the launch ramp.

The bow is forward, the stern is aft, port is left (facing the bow) and starboard is right. After that, things can get confusing reading about the report, "Recommendations to Create Standardized Terminology for the Towing Industry" that was created after meetings by the industry considering an earlier report entitled "Standardization of Towing Nomenclature." It seems that on a tugboat a fitting we

know as a cleat is called a cleat, while on a tow-boat it is called a cavel. For most of us, on deck is straight forward with the cabin area being below deck and the flying bridge being above the deck. On larger boats there is the main deck and those decks above and below thereof. In some areas, the main deck is deck 00 and the next deck up being deck 01, etc. But it seems that such is not the case in all areas. The discussion of the report on this subject reminds me of landside where in some places the ground floor of an elevator is the "first floor" while in other parts of the world, the "first floor" is what we could call the "second floor." On some elevators these days the buttons are labeled "G, 2, 3, etc" to get around the problem.

Members of BOATUS who get their monthly magazine already know about the article starting on page 74, "Tom's Secret Weapons" (June/July issue) concerning all kinds of tools that might be handy on a boat (or at least at the dock/in the tow vehicle's trunk) for repairs and the like. His basic list for "on the boat" on page 76 is quite interesting. Back when I was a guide for canoe trips sponsored by Florida State University, one of my tools was a roll of "Red Cross" tape (the white, very sticky stuff) and a number of pieces of bubble gum. The aluminum canoes were held together with rivets.

Over time, and bouncing off obstacles in the streams we traversed, rivets would come loose (or vanish) and there would be either a leak or a hole in the canoe. We would pull the canoe onto the nearest shore and dry off the area. While this was going on, I was chewing some of the gum. Once the area around the leak/hole was dry (and the gum somewhat chewed), I would push some of the gum into the damaged area. A couple of pieces of tape were put across the hole both inside and out to hold the gum in place. We put the canoe back in the water and went on with the trip. Sometimes a "tool" is what will help fix the problem rather than a specific item.

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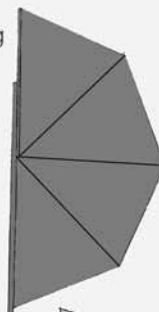
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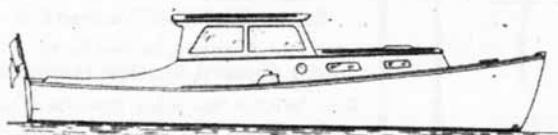
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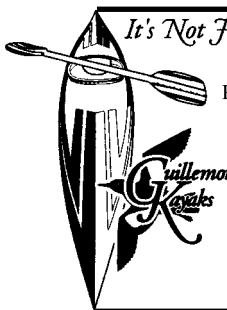


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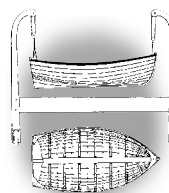
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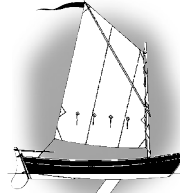
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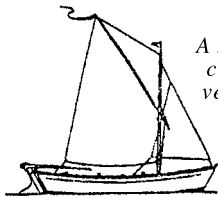


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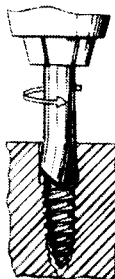
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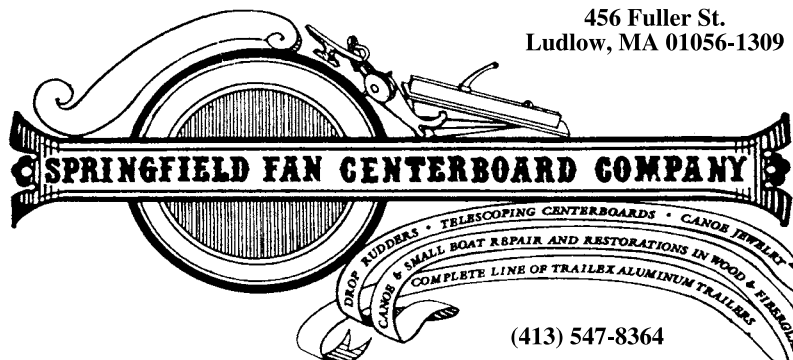
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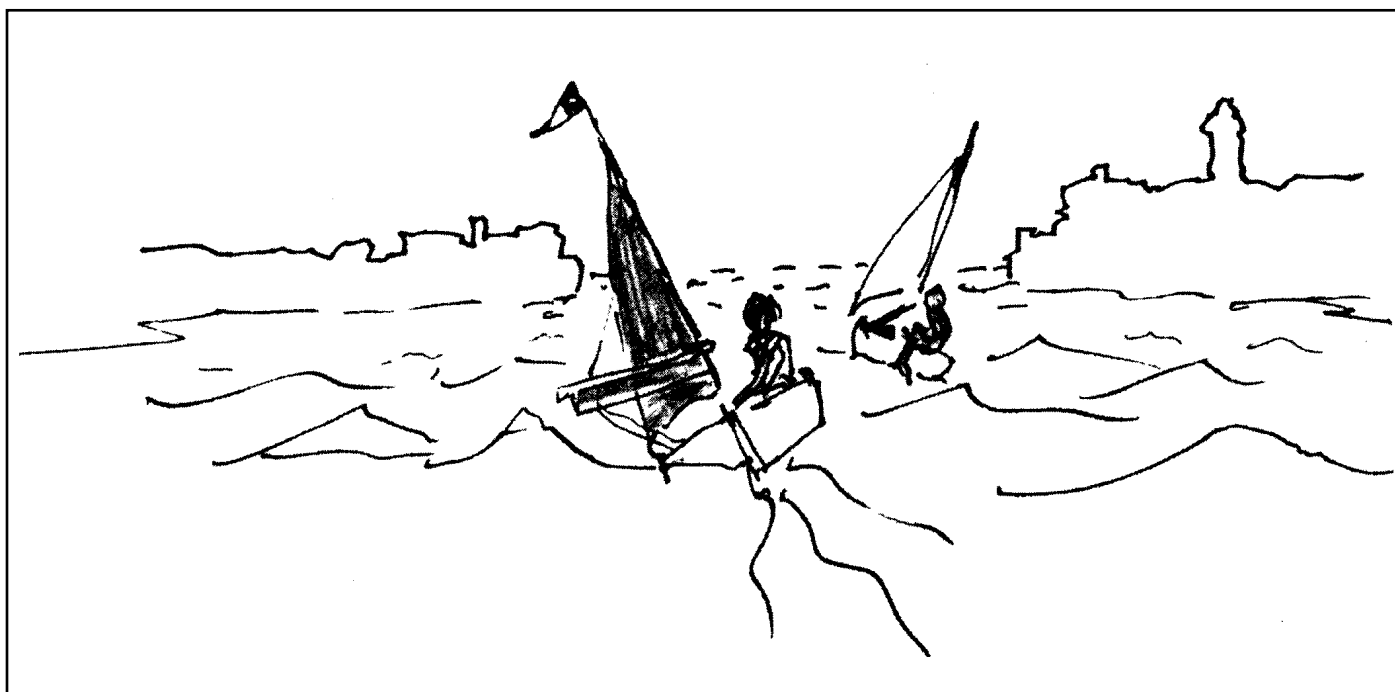
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CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



'64 9' Penn Yan, original cond, looks new. \$2,900 ob/o.
MERRIMAC MARINE, Methuen, MA, (978) 682-7291 (8P)



CLC Tread Avon Sea Kayak, predecessor to Chesapeake Double. Vy gd cond, located in FL. \$900. BSD Sailing kit available; like new. Inq for details and photo.
JOHN, (970) 275-5286, jjda36618@yahoo.com (9)

11'2" Shellback Rowing/Sailing Dinghy, designed by Joel White. Almost new w/new Shaw & Tenny 7'6" spoon blade, leathered & tipped oars; extra rowing seat that gives more adjustment possibilities when rowing. Incl: bailer; aluminum anchor; sail w/pennant; halyard & sheet w/Harken block; belaying pin; 2 flotation seat cushions; 2PDF vests; 2 large fenders for use as rollers for beach launching; & the Shellback Building Manual. On a special lightweight Trailax aluminum trlr making it easy to launch, by car, or by hand. Call for photos. \$4,200.
CONBERT H. BENNECK, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-5351, chbenneck@sbcglobal.net (9)

Nymph Dinghy, tired of hanging from a garage ceiling for years wanting to see blue water again. My owner no longer has a boat so I languish & am forgotten & lonely. Please come rescue me from my current confinement. I am in exc cond. Outside I am painted red w/white boottop & blue underbody. My inside is naturally finished mahogany, as are the thwarts. To keep you from overloading me, my owner / builder decorated me with an official Plimsoll Mark. My oars are lightweight & leathered, & I delight in being rowed long distances by knowledgeable sailors. Give me a new home & let me do what I do best; hanging out behind a nice sailboat; & being of service to you after you have dropped the anchor. If you offer my owner \$425, you'll get a beautifully built bargain. I can be reached at (860) 6335351, chbenneck@sbcglobal.net (9)

Interclub Dingy. Everything there, ready to race or just sail. Fun boat. \$950.
DONALD CARTER, Auburn, ME, (207) 376-4540. (9)

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

23' O'Day Sloop, '70s era. Sails okay. No motor or trlr. Can arrange delivery.
DOC CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (9)



Ken Bassett Design "Liz", 18' rowing shell. White cedar planks, cherry fit out. Incl Piantadosi Rowing Wing. New boat built by Sutherland Boat & Coach, '06, never been in the water. \$10,500.
ED WIGHTMAN, Hammondsport, NY, (607) 868-3025 (9)



19' Charles Wittholz Cat Boat, custom built in 1995. Salt water resistant, welded aluminum hull. Wooden steering, compass, sink, stove, & head, not hooked up to tank. Skylight opening hatch, c.b keel, 10hp Faryman Diesel i/b rebuilt engine. Incl cabin seat cushions, gaff sail rig like new, never been wet. Interior & outside seating all wood finish. Full boat cover & sail cover. Also, tandem 4-wheel trlr. \$15,000 obo. Located at Lake of the Ozarks, MO.
BOB HARKE, (636) 9280540. (8)

'95 Menger 19 Catboat, 9hp Yanmar Diesel w/ less than 100 hours w/2-blade prop. SS fuel tank inspection port. 2 new marine batteries, white interior, varnished ash wainscoting cabin sides, teak & holly cabin sole, c/b trunk w/varnished drop-leaf table, PortaPotti. Automatic/electric bilge pump, nav lights, 2 brass cabin lights. Tabernacle mast, cabin top hatch w/screen, bronze folding steps on rudder & transom, cabin cushions, Harken blocks, lazy-jacks, single line reefing system. Brand new sail (never used) plus original sail. New boom cover. 3,200 lb. capacity Load Rite trlr w/new tires. Always freshwater sailed, boat stored inside. I am 2nd owner; selling for personal health reasons. Located in suburb of Memphis, TN. \$20,000 OBO.
RUSSELL JONES, (901) 4965866, attydrjones@bellsouth.net. (8)



11'6" Classic Wooden British Heron Sailing Dinghy, Jack Holt design. Maintained & ready to sail. Bottom fiberglassed by professional. Hard-chined, gunter rigged, no trlr. \$750.
GERMAINE CONNOLLY, Springfield Cntr, NY, (315) 858-3128, germaine.connolly@fda.hhs.gov (8)



17-1/2' Swampscott Dory, traditionally built at The Landing School, Maine. Riveted pine strakes, removable decking (both painted); oak frames & rails, mahogany top strake, thwarts & transom (all finished bright). 3 thwarts, 3 row stations & stern bench locker. Handsome, roomy, extremely stable hull in gd cond. Should be painted & bright work needs varnishing. Incl 2 prs leathered spruce oars (8' Shaw & Tenny & 7' unknown make), custom cushions for thwarts & bench deck & trlr. \$3,000. Located in the St. Lawrence River Valley in northern New York. This boat has enjoyed Lake Champlain & loves the St. Lawrence River; it is a solid ride on any water.

SCOTT MILLER, Norwood, NY, (315) 384-4746, 112obrienrd@gmail.com (8)



14' Penn Yans (2), '53 Swift w/steering, fiberglassed hull. FL title. \$750. **Car Topper**, year unknown, 1 small hole. \$350. Both need some wood work. Package deal \$1,000.
BOYD'S BOATS, Canton, CT, (860) 693-4811. (8)

Messing About in Boats, August 2013 – 57

14' Wooden "Dory Style" Rowboat, built by gentleman in Westfield, MA. Rows like a charm, rudder, sail, seat, oars. He sold it because he was too old for it. I don't have time for it w/bike, kayak, canoe, raft & hiking. \$400 obo.
MARK BLATCHLEY, Erving, MA, (413) 834-3108. (8)

20' Alerion Express '97 Daysailer, recent dark blue Awlgrip topsides w/white boot stripe. Recent Haarstick sails. Fully battened main & Harken furlled jib. Min Kota electric motor powered by two solar charged, closed cell batteries. Fast, beautiful boat w/incl galv Triad trlr. Fresh water boat, currently sailing on St. Lawrence River. \$25,500.
JIM KIDD, Yalaha, FL kidiij@aol.com



Chaisson Dory Tender, 10'0"x3'11-1/2", built to professional standards in '10. Cedar on oak, copper & bronze fastened, fine cond. \$1,800.
JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-2979. (8)



12'6" Dyer Dinghy, new North mainsail, new Sunbrella boom tent, older suit of sails, 7-1/2' oars. \$2,300. **8'6" Puffin Rowing Dinghy**, w/oars. \$475.
BOB IZZO, r.jizzxo@cox.net (8)

'76 Mirror Dinghy, exc cond, 2 part LP paint on hull, interior finished bright. On new trlr, always stored inside. US\$1,450 obo.
DAVID WATTS, Fayetteville, NY, (315) 622-5093 home; (315) 449-4767 work, dw@twcnr.com (8)



14' Scandal, flat-bottomed Atkin-designed skiff built new 12/12. Western red cedar planking & thwarts w/small figurehead and pair of custom spruce oars. Can provide trlr at extra cost. \$4,750 delivered within 250 miles of Seattle; we can & do ship to any destination worldwide.
PETE LEENHOUTS, Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, Port Hadlock, WA, boats@nw-boatschool.org (8)

GEAR FOR SALE

Antique Woodworking Barn & Boatbuilding Tools, disbanding my 40-year collection of tools, including lignum vitae, beechwood, maple and steel planes, slicks, broads axes and hatchet, mortise axe, ice axe, Disston saws, lip adzes, RR spike hammer & engineer's screwdriver, several augers, drawknives, Stanley levels, pump log auger, 2-man saws, bucksaw, froe, splitting maul, bark spud, breast drill, corner chisels, Stanley scraper, jig saw, English brace, dividers, spokeshaves, upholstery hammer, wagon spike sharpener, try squares, wooden screw clamps & many more odd & interesting items. For a complete list w/dimensions & descriptions & photos, email me.
DOUG MAASS, Sleepy Hollow, NY, (914) 631-7541, doug@maass.org. (8)

Mast, Boom, Standing Rigging, Sails, fair to poor cond, for a '70 McGregor sailboat. \$100 obo.
GEORGE NESBITT, Deale, MD, (301) 854-9449. (8)

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Used Sailboat Trailer, 7,000lb payload for 30' sailboat in VT.
DAN PAGE, W. Newton, MA, (617) 803-7647, dpag@fessenden.org

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ED HOWARD, Essex, MA, (978) 768-7282. (8)

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A customer, Andy Hargarten, lives a few blocks from Lake Michigan in Wisconsin. He sent this photo in of his Vermont Fishing Dory and his mode of local transport. Not recommended for highway travel.

UPCOMING SHOWS

July 25-27 Skaneateles Antique Boat Show, NY **
Aug 1-4 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton, NY **
Aug 9-11 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland, ME **
Oct 3-6 US Power Boat Show, Annapolis MD
Oct 10-14 US Sail Boat Show, Annapolis MD

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